

ROLLO'S
VACATION

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PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION, BY THE SAME AUTHOR

ROLLO'S EXPERIMENTS.

JONAS'S STORIES.







Jonas and Rollo at the Roadside Hotel. p. 188.

ROLLO'S
VACATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROLLO AT SCHOOL," &C. &C.

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1839.

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PREFATORY NOTICE.

As the little readers of "ROLLO AT WORK" and "ROLLO AT PLAY," have done the author the honor to manifest some interest in the continuation of his juvenile hero's history, they are now presented with "ROLLO AT SCHOOL" and "ROLLO'S VACATION." Under the guise of a narrative of Rollo's adventures in these new situations, these little books are intended to exhibit some of the temptations, the trials, the difficulties, and the duties, which all children experience in circumstances similar. That the reader may be profited as well as amused by the perusal, is the sincere wish of

THE AUTHOR.

Roxbury, October 18, 1838.

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ROLLO'S VACATION.

PLAY.

ONE evening in October, Rollo was coming home from school with a large, heavy satchel of books on his shoulder. He walked along a little path by the side of the road.

"Oh, how heavy!" he said, presently; "but here is my resting-stone."

So saying, he swung his satchel off from his shoulder, and laid it down upon a large stone, or rather rock, by the side of the road. The rock had a smooth, flat top, where he used to stop and rest sometimes; and so he called it his resting-stone.

An old stone wall extended behind him, along the side of the road, and beyond it was an orchard. One large tree spread its branches over the resting-stone. Rollo looked up and wished that there were some apples upon it; but they appeared to have been all gathered. At last he espied one upon a topmost branch,

which had been overlooked. It was a large, plump, rosy-cheeked rogue, hiding behind some leaves.

"Ah, you little hide-and-go-seek," said Rollo, "I spy you. Won't you just please to come down?"

So saying, Rollo took up a stick which lay under the tree, and threw it up. After one or two unsuccessful trials, he hit the branch upon which the apple grew, and down it came. It fell upon the side of his green satchel, which lay upon the stone, glanced off, and rolled out into the road.

Rollo hastened after it, for there was a wagon coming along, and he was afraid it would run over his apple. He just succeeded in catching up the apple, and was retreating back to his resting-stone, when, behold, he saw that it was Jonas in the wagon.

Jonas reined up the horse when he saw Rollo, and stopped.

"Ah, Jonas," said Rollo, "I am very glad to see you and your wagon. I am tired of carrying this great satchel full of books. It's my slate that makes it so heavy."

So Rollo carried his satchel in one hand, and his apple in the other, to the wagon.

"Here," said he, "how shall I get it in?"

"Toss your apple in to me, first," said Jonas, "and then hoist your satchel in behind. But what are you bringing home all your books for?"

"Oh, we are going to have a vacation," said he, tossing up his apple to Jonas, and then going around behind the wagon.

Rollo pushed his satchel over into the wagon, and then clambered up upon the seat with Jonas.

"Now, Jonas," said Rollo, "if you will only just be so good as to let me drive a little."

Jonas put the reins and the whip into his hands, and Rollo began to *chirrup* to the horse.

"How long is your vacation to be?" said Jonas.

"A fortnight," said Rollo; "a whole fortnight. What a good time I shall have."

"What a *bad* time you will have," said Jonas.

"A bad time!" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas; "boys almost always have bad times in vacations."

Rollo laughed outright at this strange opinion; but presently he said,

"When I began to go to school, you told

me I should not like school; and now school is done, you tell me I shall not like vacation. That is a contradiction."

"Not exactly," said Jonas.

"*I think it is.*"

"No," said Jonas, "it is true; boys are discontented, and don't like anything long. If you don't want to go to school again in three days, I am mistaken."

So saying, he took the reins out of Rollo's hands and drove into the yard. Rollo got out and went in with his books. He carried them at once up into his room, took the books out of his satchel, and arranged them neatly upon his shelves. Then he hung the satchel up upon a nail in the back entry, where he usually kept it, and then he came down again into the yard.

Supper was not quite ready, and he accordingly sat down upon the back piazza, and began to think what he should do the next day.

"I can play here in the yard," thought he to himself; "or I can go with Jonas wherever he goes; or I can make me a garden, or I can sail little boats at the trough at the pump, or I can——"

He was interrupted here by his mother's voice, calling,

"Rollo."

"What, mother?" said Rollo.

Rollo looked up as he said this, and saw his mother at the window of her chamber.

"What are you thinking about so intently, Rollo?"

"Why, mother," said he, "I was thinking about my vacation. I was considering what I should do to-morrow. What would you do, mother?"

"I should read or study part of the time," said his mother.

"Read and study, mother!" said he, with surprise. "Why, it is my vacation."

Rollo had never had a vacation until now. Before he went to school, he had always been accustomed to have lessons of some sort every day; so he had never yet learned how wearisome and tedious it is to have nothing to do but play all day long. Now that he had been at school, and had arrived at an actual vacation, he supposed, of course, that he was to have nothing to do with books. He thought he was going to play all day long, every day, for a fortnight, and expected to feel as much pleasure every half hour of the whole time,

as he had done usually for the half hour he generally had for play after school at night.

But the truth is, that the high degree of pleasure which most boys feel when engaged in play in recess, or after school, and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, is owing to the fact that they have been confined so long at their studies before. This is what gives them that life and joyousness which makes the hours of play pass so pleasantly. Playing all day, for many days in succession, usually becomes very hard and tiresome work. But Rollo did not know it yet.

Now the reason why Rollo's mother would have had some little reading or study every day, was partly because she would wish to make some mental improvement every day, even in vacation, and partly because she knew that this was the only way to give life and interest to hours of play.

Rollo did not say anything in reply to this proposal of his mother. He was silent. He did not like to *say* that he was unwilling to study, but still it was true that he did not wish to have anything to do with his books during the vacation.

After a pause, however, he said,

"Oh, but, mother, I meant what would you play."

"Why,—I don't know," said she slowly. "I would work with Jonas a part of the time."

"But, mother," said Rollo, laughing, "that is not play."

"Oh, you might let it go for play."

"No, I want some real play."

His mother could not help him any. She could not think of any plays that would last every day for a fortnight, and all day too, without becoming very tiresome.

At last supper-time came, and after supper bed-time, and Rollo went to bed.

The next morning, after breakfast, Rollo came out into the yard, with a jump and a caper, saying,

"Oh, how glad I am that I am not going to school to-day."

Do you think Rollo was wrong for saying so? I do not. When children never like school, and make complaints when they have to go, it is a very bad sign. But when a boy has been at school a long time, and has been industrious and faithful, he generally gets tired and needs a little vacation. We cannot

blame him for enjoying it. The only mistake that Rollo made, was in supposing that his vacation would be pleasant, if he spent the whole of it in doing nothing but play.

Rollo went out into the garden, and he found some ripe flower-seeds, and he concluded to gather them. He pulled off several poppy heads, and began to shake out the seeds into his hands. He called them his sand-boxes. He wished he had some paper to sprinkle his sand upon, and to wrap it up in; but it did not come by wishing, and at length he was just upon the point of throwing his sand away, when he saw some large leaves growing upon a grape-vine, and he thought they would make good paper.

He gathered some leaves, poured his poppy seeds into one, folded them up, and put them in his pocket. This amused him for a few minutes, but presently he got tired of the garden and came back into the yard. Jonas was there, harnessing the horse into the wagon.

"Hallo, Jonas," said he. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, I am going somewhere," said Jonas.

"May I go too?" said Rollo.

"Will you?" said Jonas.

"Yes. Where is it?"

‘You promise to go, do you?’ said Jonas, who, by this time, had clambered up to the side of the wagon, and seemed to be taking out the seat.

“Why, where *are* you going?” said Rollo, with great curiosity.

By this time Jonas had taken the seat out, and was putting it down upon the ground.

“I am going to dig potatoes. I wish you would go too, and help me pick them up.”

“Oh,” said Rollo, looking rather disappointed, “I did not know you were going to dig potatoes. However, I believe I will go into the field with you.”

So saying, Rollo clambered into the wagon and took his seat, with Jonas, upon a board which he had placed across the wagon. Thus they rode off to the field.

Jonas tried to persuade Rollo to help him pick up potatoes, and he did, in fact, pick up one small basket full. But at length he said he could not pick up potatoes in his vacation, and slowly sauntered back to the house.

He walked about the yard a few minutes, not knowing exactly what to do. Before he began to go to school, that is, when he was quite a little boy, he could amuse himself a long time digging in the ground with a stick,

or piling up little stones, or making mounds in the sand. But now he was older, and had much higher ideas, and these babyish amusements were far beneath him.

He went to the front gate and looked out into the street. There were some willow trees across the road.

"Ah," said he, "I know what I will do. I'll make a whistle."

He went over and cut a good-sized shoot from the tree, and, carrying it back to the yard, he sat down upon the step of the door and began to make a whistle. This was an amusement which the boys used to enjoy very much in the recesses, sitting together under the trees of the orchard; but somehow or other Rollo did not find much pleasure in it now. He finished his whistle and blew it. It sounded very well. He got up and marched about the yard, blowing it. It sounded very well, but somehow or other he did not care much about hearing it. He slipped the bark off and looked to see if he had made it right. It looked smooth and regular, and he did not see that it needed any alteration. He blew it once more, and then put it in his pocket.

"Oh hum," said he. "I think it must be

time for me to have some luncheon. I'll go in."

So he went into the house to ask his mother for some luncheon. She was sitting at her work-table, sewing.

"Mother," said Rollo, "isn't it almost eleven o'clock?"

"Oh no," said she; "it is not quite ten yet."

"Why, mother!" said Rollo. "I thought it was as much as eleven."

"No," said she; "but that seems as if time hangs heavy with you. I am afraid you don't enjoy your vacation very well."

"Why,—yes—," said Rollo, hesitating. "But, mother, I have not got anybody to play with. If I only had somebody to play with, I should have a capital time. I wish you would let me go and get Henry to come."

"Perhaps his father could not spare him."

"Well, then, if you would let me stay and play with him—Here, kitty," said he, taking a ball of yarn off of his mother's table, and rolling it along the floor. "Run, kitty, run."

The kitten jumped up, looked a moment at the ball, and then darted after it. Rollo watched her movements for some time, as she pursued the ball under the chairs and tables,

"Mother," said Rollo, "do you suppose the kitten thinks that that is a mouse—a kind of a round, rolling mouse?"

"I don't know," said his mother. "It is difficult to tell what kittens think."

By and by the kitten got tired of playing with the ball, and came back and laid down again by the work-table, and went to sleep.

"Mother, do you think you *could* let me go and see Henry?"

"Yes, you may go after dinner if you wish. I think you had better not go this morning."

"Well," said Rollo; "I will go this afternoon, immediately after dinner, and we shall have a capital time."

So Rollo rose and sauntered along to the door. When he was out in the entry his mother called him back.

"What, mother?" said he, returning.

"There is an old proverb, Rollo, that idlers are always full of mischief."

Rollo looked at his mother—he did not know what she meant. "What, mother?" said he.

"That's an old proverb, and you have just been verifying it."

"Verifying it!" said Rollo; "what does that mean?"

"Proving that it is true."

"Why, mother, have I been doing any mischief?"

"Yes," said she. "I was quietly at work, and you came in and have taken away my ball; and now you are going away without even thinking of bringing it back."

Rollo began to look under the chairs and tables after the ball, but he could not find it.

"Pussy," said he, "what have you done with that ball?"

But pussy made no answer, and Rollo continued looking in vain. He lounged along carelessly, looking under the furniture and in the corners, but did not see it. Presently he said that perhaps it had gone out into the entry, and he went out there. A few minutes afterwards, his mother, perceiving that he was still, called out,

"Rollo."

"What, mother?" said Rollo.

"What are you doing?"

"Oh, I am sitting here on the steps."

"But I want my ball."

"Well, but, mother, I can't find it anywhere."

"Ah, Rollo, I am afraid that vacation is not likely to do you much good."

“Why, mother, I have looked for the ball, and what more can I do?”

“But looking for it is not enough; you ought to *find* it.”

“But I can't find it.”

“Come in here.”

So Rollo got up and came in to his mother.

“You have done very wrong, Rollo,” said she. “You came and took away a part of my work, without leave, to play with. That was not right, though I admit that it was not very wrong; but then, when you had taken it, you ought, certainly, to have brought it back. But that you did not think of doing. Then, when I reminded you of it, you pretended to look, but you did not look thoroughly or carefully; you lounged about as if you cared very little whether you found it or not. Then very soon you gave up, and went and sat down upon the steps; and now you don't seem to feel as if you had any responsibility about the business at all.”

Rollo hung his head and looked somewhat ashamed.

“Now,” continued his mother, “you must go and look for the ball until you find it.”

“Suppose I can't find it?”

"Then you must not go out of the room till dinner-time."

Rollo then began again to look around the room. He said he was sure that the ball was not in the room. His mother told him that he had no reason to be sure, as it was altogether more probable that it *was* in the room.

A minute or two afterwards, Rollo found the ball near the leg of the table. He pounced upon it at once, and brought it to his mother.

"Now," said he, "I may go, I suppose."

"Why, yes," said his mother; "you are no longer forbidden to go. But consider a moment. You have given me, by this, considerable unnecessary trouble. Now whenever we do anybody any injury, we ought to make them amends for it."

"Restitution," said Rollo.

"Yes, restitution; but who told you?"

"Miss Mary," said Rollo. "She said that when we did anybody any injury we must always make restitution."

"That is excellent advice. Now here is a case. You have interrupted and troubled me in my work, and now you might sit down and help me for a quarter of an hour, and that would make amends. But you can do

just as you please about it. If you prefer it, you can go out to play."

Rollo hesitated. Presently he asked his mother what she should want him to do, if he should conclude to help her.

"I think I should set you to picking out the threads in this cloth."

His mother had a piece of cloth which she had been ripping apart, and the edges of it were full of little threads. Rollo looked at it, but he thought it would be dull work to pick out those threads for a whole quarter of an hour, and in his vacation too.

"Do you think I had better do it?" said he.

"Yes, I do," said his mother.

"Why?"

"There are two good reasons. First, it is *just* that you should; and next, it will teach you to be careful, and not do mischief to others, if, whenever you do any mischief, you always stop to repair it."

While his mother was saying this, Rollo stood in a hesitating attitude, holding the cloth in his hands, and now and then picking out a thread. He was quite uncertain what to do.

"Mother," said he, presently, "I wanted

to go and get a luncheon now. I feel quite hungry."

"Very well," said his mother. "You can go, you know. I did not say you *must* stay and help me."

Rollo did not like to go, and he did not like to stay. Finally, however, his sense of justice prevailed, and he sat down upon a cricket and began to work industriously, picking out the threads.

He expected that the quarter of an hour would have appeared very long; but, instead of that, it slipped away very fast. He talked with his mother about various things. She advised him to gather the flower-seeds in his garden during the vacation; and told him that the best way would be, to make, first, a number of small paper bags, and then, as fast as he should gather the seeds, put them into the bags, tie them up, and label them.

While they were talking in this way, the time passed, and, in fact, it passed quite pleasantly. Rollo enjoyed that fifteen minutes more, in fact, than he had enjoyed any fifteen minutes during the day.

At last his mother looked up at the clock, and told him that he had finished his task.

"You were to work fifteen minutes," said

she, "and it is now more than fifteen minutes already."

Rollo said he believed he would finish the piece he had in his hand; and while he was doing it, he asked his mother how he could make his paper bags.

"You must take two or three cents and go and buy some powdered gum-arabic. They will give it to you in a little paper. It looks like flour. Then mix about a teaspoonful of this with a little hot water, and it will make a kind of paste. Then cut out your pieces of paper, and paste the edges over so as to make a bag."

Rollo did not understand exactly how the cutting out was to be done, but he determined to do it some day, and then he went off to get his luncheon.

For about ten minutes, while he was eating his luncheon, he was quite contented and happy. This was partly owing to the luncheon, and partly to the fact that he had been usefully employed for some time before. The release from the confinement to his work on the cricket, operated in the same way as release from the confinement of school does in making boys happy in recess. But after a

short time he was again at a loss to know what to do.

Lounging about the yard, he at length found a small shining stone. Most of the rocks in the part of the country where he lived had in them little shining plates of a mineral which the philosophers call *mica*; but Rollo did not know it, or at least he had not often noticed it, and now he was very much struck with the shining surfaces of his little gray stone. He carried it in to his mother and showed it to her. She said it was quite pretty, and told him the name of the little shining plates. Rollo considered it a great prize, and carried it about in his hand, showing it to every body.

At length he thought he would carry it to Jonas in the field; and he accordingly walked along slowly, looking at various things by the way. Before he got there, however, he began to be tired of his stone, and had a great mind to throw it away; but he concluded, on the whole, that he would give it to Jonas.

"Jonas," said he, coming to the place where Jonas was at work, and holding the stone out to him, "see there."

"What is it?" said Jonas, looking up.
"It is a stone, isn't it?"

"Yes," said he. "Isn't it pretty?"

"It is rather pretty," said Jonas, pulling up the tops of another hill of potatoes."

"Do you want it?" said Rollo.

"Why, no," said Jonas; "I believe not."

"Don't you want it?" said Rollo. "Isn't it good for anything?"

"Yes; but I should want more than one, if I had any."

"How many should you want?"

"I should want about twenty cart-loads."

"Twenty cart-loads!" said Rollo, in great astonishment; "what *should* you do with them?"

"I should spread them along on the road. They would make a beautiful gray road."

Rollo stood looking at his stone for a minute or two in silence, and then threw it away. Jonas proposed to him again that he should help him pick up his potatoes; and Rollo did, for a few minutes, but pretty soon got tired, and concluded, on the whole, to go back to the house.

Before he went, however, Jonas asked him how he liked vacation.

"Oh, very well," said Rollo.

But Jonas observed that he did not speak very enthusiastically, and said, in reply,

"I am afraid you have not had a very good time this forenoon."

"Why, I have not had anybody to play with," said Rollo; "that is the difficulty."

"I rather think not," said Jonas.

"What is the difficulty, then?" said Rollo.

"The difficulty is, that you have grown too old."

"What do you mean by that?" said Rollo.

"Why, that you have grown too old to be happy with nothing to do."

Rollo did not answer. He was thinking of what Jonas said.

"When you were a little boy," continued Jonas, "you could play about the yard all day long, without doing anything at all; but you are too big now."

Rollo then walked along home, and after waiting a half an hour longer dinner-time came. He started up joyfully when he heard the bell ring, and ran in, saying,

"Now, pretty soon, I shall go and see Henry."

MORE PLAY.

AFTER dinner, Rollo set off, his mother having renewed her permission that he should go and spend the afternoon with Henry. He took with him his whip. This whip was one which he liked to have with him very much. Jonas made the handle out of an oak stick which he got from the woodpile. He split out a slender strip with the axe, and then shaved it down with his knife, until it was of the right size at one end to be held in the hand, and it tapered off long and slender towards the other end.

As for the lash, Rollo bought it at a store for a shilling, and Jonas fastened it on very strong. He also fixed an excellent long snapper at the end of the lash. This is the best way for a boy to get a whip, for this process gives a good strong one. The whips that boys buy at a toy-shop are very frail. They are made chiefly to look pretty, but are not very good to use. The lash almost always comes off if you whip hard, and then the handle breaks to pieces. Rollo's oaken han-

dle lasted for many years. It was handsome also, for Jonas dyed it blue.

Rollo walked along cracking his whip, and singing "Buy a Broom." When he came to his resting-stone he sat down a few minutes to rest, and he looked up into the apple-tree to see if he could see any more apples, but he could not. He then concluded that, instead of going round by the road, he would go by a shorter way across the fields.

So he climbed over the fence into the orchard, and walked along under the trees. From the orchard he went into a pasture. A path in the pasture led him down a long descent, and finally into a wood, where the path was lost among the trees. However, Rollo worked his way along, until at length his farther progress was stopped by a brook.

"Why!" said Rollo, surprised, "how much water there is in the brook!"

Rollo had been at this brook several times in the course of the summer, and had observed that there was but little water in it, so that he could jump across almost anywhere. But now there was a great deal more water in the brook, and Rollo began to be afraid that he should not get over.

The truth is, that brooks have very differ-

ent quantities of water in them at different seasons of the year. The reason is, that there is much more rain at some seasons than at others, and the rain runs down the sides of the hills and fills up the brooks. This is particularly true in the spring and fall. Some of the autumnal rains had fallen about a week before Rollo's vacation, and it was in consequence of this that there was so much water in the brook.

Rollo at last found a place to get over, and then went on. Presently he came in sight of the martin-house, on the top of its high pole; then the chimneys, and finally the house itself, with the yards and out-houses, came into view. At length he espied Henry, perched upon the top of a low shed, between two great barns.

Rollo ran along, shouting, "Henry, Henry;" and Henry, when he saw him, called him to come up where he was. Rollo had a little doubt whether he ought to climb up to such a place; but finally he concluded to do it, and was just clambering up, Henry pulling him by the hand from above, when Henry's mother came to the door, and in a loud and stern voice called to them to come down. She rebuked Henry for climbing up in that

way, told him it was dangerous, and that he knew better.

Rollo felt a little ashamed at this mortifying circumstance, but the boys soon forgot it, and Henry began to look at Rollo's whip. He examined the handle and the lash, and snapped it, and finally he wanted Rollo to be his horse. So he got a long piece of list for reins, and putting a part in Rollo's mouth for bits, began to drive him about.

At length Rollo stopped and took the list out of his mouth.

"Henry," said he, "I don't like such woolly-tasting bits. Can't you tie it around my arms?"

"But then I can't steer you."

"Oh yes," said Rollo; "you can put one end around one arm, and the other around the other, and then you can steer me."

"Well,—only you must turn whichever way I pull."

"I will," said Rollo.

So Henry rigged his harness upon Rollo's shoulders, and off they set again, racing up and down the yard. Presently Henry drove his horse towards the door. Rollo turned this way and that, to avoid going into the house,

but Henry stopped him on each side, and whipped him to make him go on.

Rollo was unwilling to go, but remembering his promise to go wherever Henry should steer him, he went in. There was nobody there. They trotted on, horse and rider, until they came to the parlor, then, through that, out at the front door, and thence around the house to the kitchen again. Thus they went the circuit, racing through the house faster and faster every time, and leaving all the doors open, of course.

Henry's mother was up stairs, and hearing all this noise, she came down to see what was the matter.

"Oh, boys, boys," said she, "what are you doing? Henry, bring me your whip and reins, and go and shut all the doors, and then come and sit down *there*, till I tell you you may get up. That is the way in vacation, always getting into mischief and giving me trouble."

So saying, she pointed to a place in the corner of the room, where Henry went and sat down. Rollo gathered up the reins and walked out, a good deal ashamed.

Rollo waited at the door several minutes, but Henry did not come out. Presently he

heard a noise of shouting down a valley among some trees behind the house. He listened. It sounded as if somebody was driving some oxen there. Presently he saw the heads of men and of oxen over the fence, moving slowly along.

"Oh," said he to himself, "I wish Henry could come out. They're bringing a load of apples, I know."

He went back into the kitchen to see why Henry did not come. His mother was in the parlor, and Rollo went in to see if he could not get Henry pardoned.

"Will you please to let Henry come out now?" said he. "We will be careful and not trouble you any more."

Rollo spoke in a gentle and respectful manner, which made a very favorable impression upon Henry's mother. She looked up at him pleasantly and said,

"I should like to let him go out and play, but do you suppose I can have horses racing through my parlor?"

"Why, no," said Rollo. "We did wrong, but we will not do so any more."

Rollo, by thus frankly confessing the fault, not only did what was right in itself, but also what was most likely to obtain his object,

that is, leave for Henry to go out. Boys generally think that making excuses, or laying the blame upon some one else, is the best way in such cases; but it is really the very worst way.

In fact, there are a great many boys who would have gone to making excuses in such a case as this. They would have said that they did not do any harm, that they did not make much noise, or something else in excuse; or perhaps they would have put the blame upon Henry. In fact, Rollo might have said that he did not want to go through the house, but Henry drove him. But he was not so ungenerous as to wish to throw the fault all upon his playmate. As he had joined with him in the game, he was willing to share in the unpleasant consequences.

Here Henry called out from the kitchen,

"Mother, I don't think that Rollo was to blame at all, for he tried not to come in, but I drove him."

"Very well," she replied, "I will forgive you now, and you may go; but don't make me any more trouble."

The boys went out, and Rollo proposed that they should go and see that load of apples. The cart had by this time come into

the yard, and was standing near the barn, and one of the men was opening the great doors.

Henry said he did not believe it was a load of apples, but they went to see.

They found that instead of apples it was a load of corn, in the husks; and Rollo and Henry obtained permission to climb up into the cart and help throw the ears off. They enjoyed themselves a good deal while doing this, chiefly from the idea that they were doing some good; though, in fact, they were not doing any good, for they were somewhat in the way of the men, so as to retard their work, to the full amount of all they did themselves. The cart was not unloaded probably any sooner for their help. Still, they imagined that they were doing something; and there is such a charm in useful employment, that even the idea, though delusive, is a great source of pleasure.

When the cart was unloaded the boys asked leave to ride back in it to the field. Henry's father gave them leave. The oxen were backed, and then turned round, and in a few minutes they were moving along slowly out of the yard, Rollo and Henry standing up in the middle of the cart, and holding on to each

other, and endeavoring to quicken the slow steps of the oxen by shouting, "Ha' Bright," "Ha' Golden."

They passed along a green lane. Presently Henry suddenly called to Rollo to look at a tall tree in the woods, down in the valley.

"See that tree," said he; "that is where the hornets' nest was."

"Is it?" said Rollo. "Let us go and see it."

"Oh no," said Henry; "let us go into the cornfield and help get another load of corn."

But Rollo wanted to go into the woods. He should like to see the place where the hornets' nest was, and, besides, he wanted to play in the water a little, by the bridge. They discussed the matter some time, and finally Henry yielded; and they both jumped out behind the cart and made their way towards the woods.

Some tall weeds were growing by the side of the lane, or rather had been growing, for they had long since ripened, and nothing remained now but tall stalks, white and dry. Rollo proposed taking one or two of them for "*pushers*," to push the little chips about with, which were to serve for boats. So they gathered two tall ones apiece, and pulled off

the branches and broke off the tops, and then clambered over the fence and walked along the pastures, with their light and slender "pushers" in their hands.

They at length entered the woods by the pasture path, and presently came down to the brook and the bridge. Rollo was so much interested in trying his "pusher," that he forgot all about the hornets' nest, but immediately began to look about for sticks and pieces of bark to use for boats.

They found various representatives for ships and rafts, which they navigated about the water with their "pushers," standing, themselves, upon the bridge. For a time this afforded pretty good amusement, but it did not last very long. At length Rollo went to the shore on one side, and proposed to Henry to go to the shore on the other, so that they could send their vessels to and fro to one another, loaded with leaves and pebble-stones for cargo.

This lasted some minutes longer, but somehow or other Rollo did not find it quite so good fun as he had expected. At length they got tired and let the vessels drift about, and Rollo took up a stone, and, pointing to a piece

of bark, said he was going to cannonade that man-of-war.

"You will spatter me," said Henry.

The stone, however, had taken its flight, and striking the water just beyond the man-of-war, sent a few drops over to Henry.

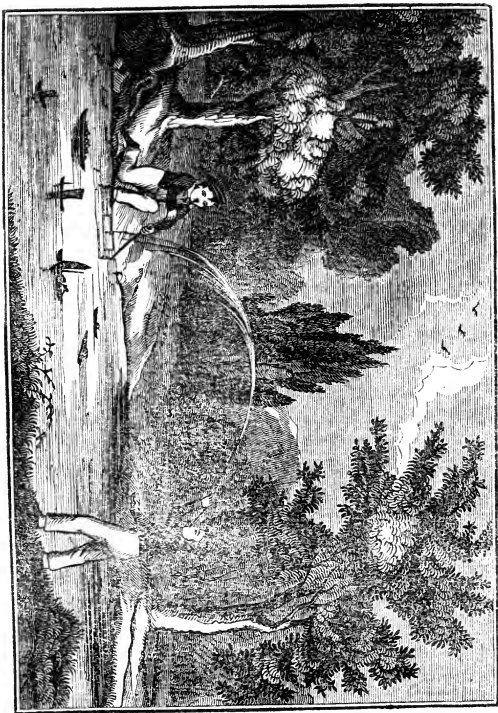
Henry took it very good-naturedly, and thought he would cannonade the man-of-war too; in doing which, he spattered Rollo a little. Rollo laughed and threw another stone; and thus they continued for a little time, until they found they were beginning to get wet, when at length they desisted.

They now did not know what to do with themselves. They were a little wet, and, consequently, a little uncomfortable. They ought not to have spattered themselves even so little as they had done; and the secret feeling that they had not done quite right, made them a little uncomfortable in mind as well as in body.

At last, as they were playing idly in the water, Rollo having one end of his "pusher" in his mouth and the other in the water, he suddenly took it out of his mouth and said,

"Oh, Henry, look here."

Then Rollo put the end of his "pusher" into his mouth again, and held the other end





in the water again a moment, and then drew it out; when Henry saw a stream of water issuing from the lower end, shooting back into the water of the brook.

"How do you do it?" said Henry.

"I suck the water up," said Rollo, "and then blow it out again."

The boys were much pleased with this experiment, in which they both succeeded better and better on repeated trials. They found that they could throw the water farther and farther out towards the middle of the brook; and finally, Rollo, by aiming pretty high and blowing hard, succeeded in projecting his stream away across to the land where Henry was standing.

They both shouted with laughter at this, and the next moment Henry tried. He succeeded in throwing his jet so far as to sprinkle Rollo with it a little, at which the boys shouted again; and in a few minutes they were both busily engaged drawing up their "pushers" full of water, and then blowing it out, with all their strength, towards one another.

Rollo said he was an elephant, taking up water with his trunk; and Henry said he was a whale—a great, spouting whale. In a word, the boys were in great glee. And yet, after

all, they were not really happy. There was a sort of hollowness in their mirth, and a secret feeling of dissatisfaction, which made the pleasure of this merriment very different from the quiet and gentle happiness of the holiday at Miss Mary's school. In fact, the boys were beginning to get considerably wet, though the wetting came so very gradually that they did not think much of it, except that there was a secret feeling that they were not doing quite right.

Rollo would have known very well that it was wrong to wet his clothes in this way, if it had only been done at once and suddenly. But the water came upon him only a few drops at a time, and each of these additions being so small, he did not think much of it. But at length his clothes became quite wet, and as the hours of the afternoon moved on, and it began to grow cool, he found that he felt uncomfortable. At last he desisted from his spouting, and holding his "pusher" in one hand, he patted the legs of his trousers with the other, and said,

"Oh, Henry, how wet you have made me : you have spouted the water all over me."

This was the wrong mode of speaking ; for it seemed to imply that Henry alone was

to blame for Rollo's being wet. When boys do anything wrong together, they are both guilty, and should not attempt to charge the fault upon each other. Each should freely take his share of the blame. By throwing it upon the other he only leads that other to recrimination, and thus a dispute arises. It was so here; for Rollo, by speaking in such a manner as to criminate Henry, only led Henry to recriminate him.

"And see how *you* have wet *me*," said Henry, looking down at his own legs and feet.

"Oh, that is only a little," said Rollo; "you have wet me a great deal more than that."

"Oh—I haven't," said Henry. "I am wet a great deal the most."

An impartial spectator would have been puzzled to decide which was wet the most, for it was about equal. They, however, were both somewhat out of humor, and consequently unreasonable; and they continued to dispute about it, each charging the other with being most to blame.

At last they threw away their "pushers" and began to walk along towards home, out of humor with themselves and with each

other. Rollo said that he should not come to play with Henry any more; and Henry said he did not want him to come,—he did not like to be wet all over. Thus they walked along until they came out of the woods. Here they found a cool, autumnal evening breeze blowing, and it made them feel quite cold. Rollo looked at the west also, and found that the sun was almost down, and that he ought to be at home. Accordingly, when they reached Henry's house, he went directly by, on the way towards home.

At length he reached the brook which he had crossed on his way, early in the afternoon. He had the same trouble in crossing as before, but at length he succeeded in jumping over, and the moment after he suddenly stopped and said,

“There, now I have left my whip.”

He tried to think where he had left it, but could not. Then he walked back to the edge of the brook, and deliberated a moment whether he had better cross it again or not. It was getting dark, and it appeared to Rollo, who was now in the woods, that the daylight was farther gone than it really was.

He stood on the bank, uncertain what to do, and vexed with himself for having forgot-

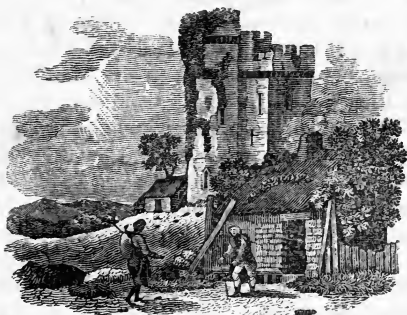
ten his whip. One moment he thought he would go after it, and then again he concluded that it would be so dark before he could get back to the brook that he should not be able to find his way across. So he turned slowly and reluctantly towards home.

As soon as he got out of the woods he came into the daylight again; and here he found a new source of vexation in thinking that he might have gone back as well as not. He should have had plenty of time, he said. He looked back into the woods and hesitated again; but now there was so much farther to go, that he gave up the idea and went home.

He came into the kitchen and stood by the fire, wet, cold and uncomfortable in body, and irritated and fretted in mind. His mother asked him some questions, and found that he was not humble and submissive, but, on the contrary, peevish and cross, and disposed to make excuses for himself, and to throw censures upon others.

His mother concluded, therefore, that he had better be sent to bed, as it was not right that he should make all the family uncomfortable by his ill-humor and complaints. His wet clothes were accordingly taken off,

his feet dried and warmed, some supper was given him, and then he crept into his bed, as dissatisfied and unhappy as boys generally are after a whole day of play.



A NEW MASTER.

EARLY the next morning Rollo awoke, and, as soon as he recollected himself a little, he remembered that it was his vacation, and he felt rather sorry for it. He wished, in his heart, that there was going to be a school.

He got up and began to look for his clothes, but could not find them. At first he was much surprised, and wondered where they could be.

"Ah," said he, at last, to himself, "I remember. I left them down stairs to be dried." So he crept back into bed again.

He laid still a short time, thinking whether he had better wait until some one came to bring him his clothes, or knock for his mother to come. He was accustomed to knock upon the partition, which separated his room from his mother's, whenever he wanted anything, and when she heard it she would come to him.

He did not quite like to knock for his mother to come and bring him his clothes, though he scarcely knew why. While he was thus doubting, he heard a noise in the yard, which

he thought might be Jonas. He jumped out of bed and went to the window, and saw Jonas leading the horse to the pump to be watered.

Rollo opened the window and fastened it up with a button.

"Jonas," said he, "will you be good enough to bring me up my clothes?"

"Yes," said Jonas, "as soon as I have led the horse back."

Rollo was always pretty sure of having Jonas do anything for him that he asked, provided it was reasonable. There were two reasons for this; one was that Jonas was a very obliging boy, and the other was that Rollo always asked him in a gentle and proper manner. Some boys would have said, in such a case, in a rough and scolding voice,

"Jonas, go and get my clothes and bring them up to me,—quick."

But Rollo observed that his father and mother never spoke so to those whom they employed; and, in fact, his father told him one day, that it was altogether the most effectual way of inducing persons to do what we want, to ask them in a kind and proper manner.

In a few minutes Rollo heard footsteps coming up stairs; and presently Jonas ap-

peared, with Rollo's clothes, dry and warm, hanging over his shoulder.

"Well, Rollo," said Jonas, "you have got another day of vacation."

Rollo said nothing.

"What are you going to do to-day?"

"I don't know,—exactly," said Rollo, sitting up in his bed. "What would you do?"

"Oh, play about, I suppose," said Jonas.

"But I don't like playing about," said Rollo.

"It is miserable business, I know," said Jonas. "But I think I could make you have a good time," he continued. "if you would do as I say."

"I wish you would," said Rollo.

"But you won't do as I say."

"What should you tell me to do?" said Rollo.

"I can't tell you unless you promise beforehand to do it."

Rollo hesitated a moment, Jonas standing all the time with his hand upon the latch of the door, ready to go out.

"Well, I will promise," said Rollo.

"You will obey me exactly?" said Jonas.

"Yes," said Rollo.

"All day?"

"Yes, all day."

"And do whatever I tell you, let it be what it will?"

"Yes," said Rollo, "I will."

"Well, then, get up and dress you, and after breakfast come out into the barn to me."

Rollo's curiosity was very much excited to know what Jonas was going to tell him to do. He dressed himself and went down; and finding it was still quite early, he went and asked his mother to let him go over to Henry's and get his whip before breakfast. His mother consented, and he set off.

Just as he was going out through the front gate, Jonas called to him and asked him where he was going. Rollo told him that he was going after his whip.

"But," said Jonas, "I thought you promised me that you would be under my command to-day."

"Oh," replied Rollo, "I did not know that you meant before breakfast."

"The agreement was all day," said Jonas.

"But I just want to go and get my whip, because I am afraid it will get lost."

"That is a very good plan, only you ought to have asked me. However, you may go."

"Seems to me," said Rollo, "you are rather a strict master."

"That I am," said Jonas, laughing. "You'll find me stricter than you think, before the day is through."

So Rollo went along after his whip. As he drew near the house he saw nothing of Henry. He went on into the yard, where they had been at play. Henry's father was leading a horse across the yard. As soon as he saw Rollo he said,

"Here, young man; I suppose you have come for your whip. There it is."

So saying, he pointed to the fence; and there Rollo saw his whip hanging up in a conspicuous place, that is, in a place where it could be very plainly seen.

"I thank you, sir," said Rollo; and he went and took his whip down, and walked away towards home.

After breakfast Rollo went out in pursuit of Jonas. He found him just going into the garden, with a wheelbarrow, and some garden tools in it.

"Now, Jonas," said Rollo, "I am ready; tell me what I shall play."

"Play!" said Jonas. "I am going to set you at work, not play."

"At work?" said Rollo. "I thought you was going to tell me how to have a good time at play."

"I can't stop to talk about it here," said Jonas. "I must go on with my work. You come in with me."

So he wheeled his wheelbarrow through the gate, Rollo following him.

"Did I *say* I was only going to set you at play?" said he, as they walked along.

"Why, no," said Rollo, "but I thought so."

"Well," said Jonas, "I release you then from the promise, if there was a mistake."

So Jonas took the tools out of the wheelbarrow and placed them against the fence, and then, taking the hoe, he began hoeing over one of the alleys.

"What work should you want me to do?" said Rollo, after a pause.

"I can't tell you anything about it, unless you put yourself entirely under my command. Unless you can trust it all to me, you had better amuse yourself in your own way."

"Should you make me work all day?"

"I can't tell you anything about it," said

Jonas; "only I will agree that you shall have a good time."

"Yes, but then," said Rollo, "if I don't have a good time, the day will be lost, and what good will your agreement do me?"

"We must have a penalty then," said Jonas.

"What is a penalty?" said Rollo.

"Why, something for me to do to you to make amends for the loss of your day, if you don't have a good time."

"Well," said Rollo, "I should like that. What shall the penalty be?"

"Let me see," said Jonas. "I will tell you what. I will agree that if, when night comes, you say you have not had a better time than you had yesterday, I will make you a little ship."

"Agreed," said Rollo. "I will."

"Very well," said Jonas. "Now go and get your little rake, and rake up all these weeds into little heaps as fast as I hoe them up."

So Rollo got his rake, and in a few minutes they were both at work very busily.

Jonas hoed up the weeds, and Rollo raked them up into little heaps; and then Rollo went and brought his shovel and shovelled

them up into Jonas's wheelbarrow. Thus they passed regularly along from alley to alley, until they had gone over the whole garden. It took them about two hours.

While they were doing this work, Rollo asked Jonas what was to come next, when this was done.

"I am going to saw wood in the yard," said Jonas, "and I am going to set you to studying."

"To studying!" said Rollo. "I am sure I am not going to studying."

"A'n't you?" said Jonas. "Very well."

There was a pause. At length said Rollo,

"But were you really going to set me to studying?"

"Yes," said Jonas; "and you promised to do whatever I should say. But you can do just as you please about keeping your promise."

"I don't want to break my promise," Rollo replied, "but I did not expect that you were going to set me to studying in my vacation."

"It is because I think that is the best way to make you have a good time."

"What, studying!"

"Yes, studying a part of the time. Here

now, I have kept you at work two hours, and haven't you had a good time?"

"Why—yes," said Rollo; "but then I don't want to study."

"Very well," said Jonas; "if you don't want to keep your promise, I'll let you off."

"Then I shall lose my ship, I suppose?"

"Certainly," said Jonas.

Rollo did not want to lose his ship, and then, besides, he knew it was not right to break his promise; and so, just as they had finished their work in the garden and were wheeling out the last load of weeds, he told Jonas that he believed, on the whole, he would do whatever he told him, even if it was to study.

They put the weeds by the side of a great heap of compost, behind the barn, and then Jonas sent Rollo to put all the tools away. When he came back he found Jonas just at work with his saw.

"Now, Rollo," said he, "go up into my room and look in my desk, and you will find an inkstand, and a pen and some paper. Bring down one sheet of paper, and the inkstand and pen."

Rollo obeyed. He went up the back stairs to Jonas's room. It was small and unfinished,

and the wall overhead was slanting, being the under side of the roof of the house. There was a bed in it, and one window. Near the window was a plain, pine desk, which Jonas had made for himself, and by the side of the desk was a chest. Over the chest were two or three shelves, containing a few books, and near them, on the wall, was nailed a picture, which Rollo remembered he had given Jonas some time before, because it was torn and spoilt. Jonas had smoothed it out and mended it, and nailed it up there, and it made quite a handsome picture again.

Rollo was quite pleased with the appearance of Jonas's room; for, though it was rough and rude in its form and finish, yet it was in such neat order, that it looked very alluring and pleasant. He opened Jonas's desk, and was still more pleased at what he saw within. In one corner in front was a black inkstand, with a stopper in it, to keep the ink from drying away. By the side of the inkstand was a ruler, a pencil, and two pens, and also a curious-looking instrument of wood, consisting of two long pointed legs, united by a kind of a joint at one end.

"What a curious thing that is," thought

Rollo. "It looks like my father's dividers. I suppose Jonas made it."

In another corner there was a small, square bottle, not bigger than the inkstand, which contained red ink; and at the side of it was a covered box, made of paper, and marked on the outside, Soda Powders. Rollo opened it, and saw within a piece of India rubber, a little sand-paper, two curious coins, a small pencil-case, and some other similar valuables. At the back side of the desk was a slate, about half filled with figures, very neatly written. There were some papers under the slate, and Rollo lifted it up to see what they were. The first paper had a large and handsome multiplication table drawn upon it. All around the outside was a double line, the outer one being black and the inner red, and all the lines which formed the squares were red; so that the table had a very beautiful appearance. The figures in the squares were written very neatly and regularly.

Rollo then thought that perhaps Jonas would not like to have him look at his papers and writings, and so he put down the slate again, and took a single sheet of paper off from a pile of sheets of paper, which was in

the other back corner. He also took the inkstand and pen, and went down stairs, internally resolving that he would ask Jonas some day to let him see all his papers, and also what was in his chest.

Rollo went out into the yard with his writing implements, and brought them to Jonas. Jonas took them and asked Rollo to follow him. He did so, wondering what Jonas was going to set him to do.

Jonas went into the barn, Rollo following him. They proceeded to a small apartment, partitioned off for a sort of shop, where the great work-bench was. Jonas took a brush and brushed the dust off of one end of the bench, and then laid a smooth board upon it, and spread a newspaper over the board. He put the white paper upon the newspaper, and the inkstand and pen upon the bench.

Rollo laughed aloud at such a droll place to study, and asked Jonas what he was going to do for a chair.

"You'll see in a moment," said Jonas. So saying, he went to one corner of the shop and brought an empty barrel along. He stood this up on one end opposite the end of the bench, and put a small board across.

"There," said he, "how do you like that for a desk?"

"Oh, pretty well," said Rollo; "but what shall I write?"

"Come out here to my woodpile, so that I can be at work, and I will tell you."

So Rollo followed Jonas out to the woodpile, and the following conversation ensued, Jonas sawing and splitting wood all the time.

"I want you to cypher," said Jonas.

"Cypher!" replied Rollo. "Oh, I can't cypher with pen and ink."

"Why not?" said Jonas.

Rollo laughed aloud at the absurdity of cyphering with pen and ink, and said,

"Oh, I must have a slate. I can't cypher without a slate."

"But why not?" said Jonas.

"Oh, I can't rub out the figures when I make mistakes."

"I don't want to have you make any mistakes."

"Oh, but I can't help it," said Rollo.

"Why, suppose this was your sum," said Jonas, as he rolled out a fresh log from the pile. "Suppose you had a 2 and a 6 under it, and they were to be added together, what should you do?"

"Oh, I should say 6 and 2 make eight, and I should write down the 8, under."

"Are you sure 6 and 2 make 8?"

"Yes," said Rollo.

"Perfectly sure?" said Jonas.

"Why, yes," said Rollo.

"And are you sure you have to set the 8 down underneath?"

"Why, certainly," said Rollo.

"Well, now, suppose you added up several figures and they made 13; what should you set down, and what should you carry?"

"I should set down 3 and carry 1."

"You mean set down 1 and carry 3, don't you?" said Jonas, looking up with a half smile.

"Why, no," said Rollo; "we set down the 3 and carry the 1."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am *sure*," said Rollo, looking very positive.

"And if you should have 13 from adding up a column, and should put down 3 and carry 1, are you positive it would be right?"

"Yes," said Rollo, "positive."

"And suppose the next column should make 21, how much should you have to add to it for carrying from the 13?"

"I must add 1, and that would make 22."

"Are you *sure* now, Rollo," said Jonas, "that 21 and 1 make 22?"

Rollo began to get a little out of patience at this, and did not answer.

"I don't mean to tease you," said Jonas, "but you see you *can be sure* in cyphering, and if you don't take sums too hard, and then attend fully to what you are about, you need not make any mistakes."

Rollo thought there was some truth in this, but yet he was not quite satisfied; and after a moment's pause he said,

"But all boys do make mistakes in cyphering."

"Then it is because they have too hard sums to do, or else because they are careless. You must not mark down a single figure, Rollo, till you are *sure* it is the right one, and then you won't make mistakes."

Rollo could not object to this, but, after all, he thought he had rather have a slate; "because," said he, "then, you know, Jonas, that if I should happen to make a mistake, I could rub it out."

"Yes; but if you should happen to make a mistake I don't want it rubbed out. I want to know how many mistakes you make."

"Well," said Rollo, "you come and set me some sums."

"No, you must set your own sums; I must saw my wood. You may go and write three numbers on the top of your paper; put six figures in each number."

"Shall I put them under each other?" said Rollo.

"No; along in a row, a little distance apart, for four separate sums. I want them all multiplied by 2, and as soon as you have done it, come and tell me."

So Rollo went back to the bench and clambered up to his seat upon the barrel. He found it rather too high, but he concluded to get along with it, and so he wrote down the numbers, and put the figure 2 under the unit's figure of each, and multiplied, taking great pains to have every result right before he put it down. When it was done, he descended from his seat and went to report to Jonas.

"You have done them, have you?" said Jonas.

"Yes," said Rollo, handing him the paper. "Here, look and see if they are not right."

"Oh no," said Jonas; "I can't look them over. You have done them all three, have you?"

"Yes," said Rollo.

"And got three separate answers?"

"Yes."

"Very well; now go back and multiply all those answers by 5."

So Rollo went back to his work. He multiplied the first one by 5, very carefully. Then he stopped to rest a little, and a minute or two afterwards Jonas heard a noise there, as if a horse was kicking violently upon the stable floor. He went and looked in to see what was the matter.

Rollo, he found, had laid down his pen, and had his hands resting upon the edge of the bench, and was drumming away with his heels against the side of the barrel.

"Why, Rollo," said Jonas, "what are you about?"

"Oh, Jonas," said Rollo, looking round, "are you there? See, this is my kettle-drum;" and he began beating another tattoo upon the barrel with his heels.

Jonas, however, soon stopped that operation, and told Rollo he was there to cypher, not to drum. Rollo desisted and returned to his work, as Jonas did to his.

In a short time, Rollo came out with his paper, saying he had finished his work.

"You have multiplied all your first answers by 5, have you?" said Jonas, without, however, looking at the work.

"Yes," said Rollo.

"Then you have got a new set of answers, which I call the final answers. Now look at the first final answer. Is the last figure in it, that is, the unit's figure, a cypher?"

"Yes," said Rollo.

"And so with the next answer; is the last in that a cypher?"

"Yes," said Rollo, surprised.

"And the next, is that so too?"

"Yes," said Rollo; "but how did you know?"

"Because," said Jonas, "I believe that if you multiply any number whatever by 5, and then by 2, the unit's figure in the final answer will always be a cypher."

"Will it?" said Rollo. "How curious."

"Now mark out all the cyphers with your pen."

So Rollo put his paper down upon a smooth log and crossed out the cyphers, Jonas all the time going on with his sawing.

"Now," said Jonas, "see if your answers are just the same as the numbers you first wrote down."

Rollo compared and said, "Why, yes," with looks of astonishment. "How queer. Will it always come so, Jonas?"

"Yes," said Jonas, "if you multiply by 5, and then by 2. I read it in a book once, and I have tried it a great many times, and it always has whenever I have tried it, and I expect it always will. But now you have studied enough for a vacation day, so go and put my things away, only leave your paper on the bench."

Rollo walked off with his work, highly satisfied with what he had done, and much interested in the very extraordinary mathematical powers of 5 and 2 as a continued multiplier.

When he had got pretty near to the barn-door, he turned round and said, "Jonas, I wish you would let me do two or three more sums."

"No," said Jonas; "I can't let you cypher any more now. I want you to come and play."

THE JACK-O'-LANTERN.

ROLLO went up to Jonas's room to put away the pen and the inkstand. The window was open, and he stopped a moment to look out. The yard was spread out before him, and beyond it the garden. One square in the garden was filled with corn. The ears had all been gathered when green, for roasting and boiling, and nothing now remained but the dry and whitened stalks, with large yellow pumpkins peeping out among them.

"The pumpkins are ripe," said Rollo to himself. "I wish Jonas would let me go and gather them. I could wheel one in at a time, in my little wheelbarrow, I know."

He determined to go and ask Jonas; and, full of this idea, he ran off down stairs.

Jonas agreed to his proposal, and so Rollo went and got his wheelbarrow and went into the garden. He selected the largest yellow pumpkin that he could find, and cut it off where the stem joined the vine.

The curved stem served him for a handle, and by dint of great effort he succeeded in

getting it out into the alley, and then into his wheelbarrow.

He wheeled it along, quite proud of his load, and thinking how many pies such a great pumpkin would make. As he came along out of the garden, he concluded to wheel his load to Jonas, to show it to him, and ask him where to put it.

Just as he was coming out through the gate, he saw his mother standing at the door which opened upon the garden yard.

"What are you doing, Rollo?" said she.

"I am gathering the pumpkins," said he; "and, mother, I have been Jonas's scholar this forenoon."

His mother asked him what he meant by that; and Rollo explained to her how he had agreed to put himself under Jonas's directions, and that Jonas had made him work half of the forenoon, and study almost all the other half.

"What did you study?" said his mother.

"Oh, I cyphered," said Rollo. "I did six sums in multiplication."

Rollo explained then to his mother all about his bench and barrel-seat. His mother seemed quite pleased with this plan; and when Rollo told her that Jonas was going to

give him a ship in case he did not have a good time, she laughed, and told him she was afraid he would lose his ship.

Then Rollo wheeled his pumpkin along to Jonas, and, after asking him to see what a noble load he had brought, he wanted to know where he should put his pumpkins. Jonas said he might put them in a certain corner of the garden yard, which he pointed out, where they could lay some days in the sun.

Rollo accordingly turned around with his load, and was trundling it away, when Jonas told him not to put any but ripe pumpkins there.

"And what shall I do with the green ones?"

"Oh,—I don't know," said Jonas, hesitating; "they a'n't worth much."

"A'n't they good for anything?"

"Only to give to the pigs and make jack-o'-lanterns of."

"Jack-o'-lanterns!" said Rollo; "what are jack-o'-lanterns?"

"Did you never see one?" said Jonas.

"No," said Rollo. "What is it?"

"Why, we take a pumpkin and dig it all out inside, and then cut eyes and nose and

mouth in it, and then put a candle in and carry it out in the dark, and it makes a great grinning face of fire."

"Oh, Jonas," said Rollo, "do make me one."

"Well, I will think of it," said Jonas. "You go and get in the ripe pumpkins, and if you find any green one, about as big as a man's head, which you think will make a good jack-o'-lantern, you can bring it here."

So Rollo went back, but he could not go on with his work until he had looked around and chosen his great green pumpkin. He wheeled it off to Jonas, and Jonas said that would do very well.

"You may either fix it now," said Jonas, "or go and finish gathering the ripe pumpkins."

"Which would *you* do?" said Rollo.

"Why, I don't know. You have been at work and at study so much to-day, that I think you have fairly a right to play now. But then I think it very probable that you would take more pleasure and satisfaction in working upon your jack-o'-lantern if you should get in the ripe pumpkins first."

Rollo walked along slowly, trundling his wheelbarrow before him, towards the piazza,

considering whether he had better make his jack-o'-lantern then, or wait till he had finished his work. He concluded, on the whole, to take Jonas's advice; and so he went on wheeling the yellow pumpkins, one at a time, out of the garden, to the sunny corner of the yard. By keeping industriously at work, he accomplished the whole much sooner than he had expected; and when they were all out he counted them up, and found that there were twenty. He looked at them as they lay in the grass, turning up their fair yellow sides to the sun, with great satisfaction.

"Now for the jack-o'-lantern," said he; and he went to Jonas to ask how he should go to work.

"First, bring the pumpkin to me, and I will mark out his cap."

Rollo brought it, and Jonas, taking his knife out of his pocket, marked a circle around the top of it, just below and all around the stem.

"There," said he, "now go into the house and see if you can borrow a case knife and an old iron spoon. Then with the knife you must cut in deep, all around where I have marked, and then the cap will come off if you

pull by the handle. Then you must dig it all out inside, until the shell is only as thick as your hand."

Rollo was starting off to get the knife and spoon, when Jonas called him back and said,

"But where are you going to do it?"

"Oh, there by the kitchen door," said he.

"Yes," said Jonas, "and so you'll lose jack-o'-lantern and all."

"How?" said Rollo.

"Why, the way that I have known many a good jack-o'-lantern to be lost."

"How do you mean?" said Rollo.

"Why, you will make a great litter of pumpkin cuttings and seeds all about the door, and then your mother will come out and say she can't have such a dirty piece of work going on right in the doorway, and will tell you to carry it and throw it all into the pig-pen."

"My mother wouldn't, I know."

"Then it is because she is more good-natured than most mothers. You had better not tempt her."

"Well, what shall I do?" said Rollo.

"Why, bring it out here," said Jonas, "away from the house, and get some old pail to put the cuttings in, and also go and

get an apron to put on to keep your clothes clean."

Rollo saw at once that this was good sense, and he did as Jonas had advised. But just as he got all ready to commence his operations, the bell rang for dinner.

Rollo was astonished to find that it was dinner-time, and he had actually forgotten to go in after any luncheon. He took off his apron again, however, and went in, thinking as he went that it would be a fine plan to keep his jack-o'-lantern a secret, and then in the evening surprise his father and mother with a sight of it out of the front windows.

After dinner Rollo rigged himself again for his work, and taking his seat by the wood-pile, he began to dig out his jack-o'-lantern with his knife and spoon. He worked away upon it some time, but he made rather slow progress, for the inside was pretty hard. After some time he wondered why Jonas did not come and saw some more wood. But Jonas was not going to saw any more wood that day. He was in the garden.

After a time Rollo got his work nearly done, but before he got it quite completed he became tired, and concluded to leave it a little while and go and look for Jonas.

He accordingly laid his pumpkin down upon a log, with the knife and spoon by its side, and then rose and began to look about after Jonas. In a moment he saw, over the top of the garden fence, a motion among the stalks of corn.

"Ah," said he, "I know. Jonas is getting in the cornstalks."

And off Rollo ran into the garden, to help him.

He saw the great wheelbarrow in the alley. The sides had been taken out, and it was half filled with long cornstalks laid across it. Jonas was bringing more in his arms, from time to time, as he cut them down from the hills.

"Jonas," said Rollo, as he came up, "may I help?"

"Yes," said Jonas.

"Well, I will go and get my little wheelbarrow."

So off Rollo ran, in pursuit of his wheelbarrow, and in a few minutes came back trundling it before him.

But the sides of Rollo's wheelbarrow would not come out, and the stalks were too long to be put in lengthwise; so he asked Jonas what he should do.

"Why, I think," said Jonas, "that you had better get in the pumpkin vines; for those you can crowd down into your wheelbarrow, any way."

"But there are some green pumpkins left on," said Rollo; "what shall I do with those?"

"Oh, you can put those out in the alley in a pile, and by and by I will take them away."

Rollo liked this plan. He pulled off all the green pumpkins, and carried them out by their handles to the alley, where he laid them in a row, upon one side, so as not to prevent the wheelbarrows' going by. He brought them out pretty easily, for most of them were small and light.

Then he went to work at the vines. He pulled them up by roots and dragged them along, and crowded them down compactly into his wheelbarrow; Jonas being busy all the time cutting down his cornstalks.

Presently Rollo wanted Jonas to tell him a story, while they were working together.

"Why, I don't know," said Jonas. "I can't think of any story very well, just now, but I can give you some advice."

“Very well,” said Rollo; “give me some advice.”

“I will tell you my old schoolmaster’s six rules.”

“Your old schoolmaster!” said Rollo. “Who was he?”

“Oh, he was an old man that I used to go to school to. He hadn’t any hair—he was bald; and so he wore a black woollen cap”

Rollo laughed at this, outright.

“Why, what a funny man,” said he.

Jonas smiled a little, though he did not seem to think there was anything so very droll in wearing a black cap.

“And he had six rules, did he?” said Rollo.

“Yes;—three for play and three for study. The first rule for study was this:

‘What’s once begun
Must always be done.’

“You see, when I went to his school,” continued Jonas, “a new scholar came one day, and he had a seat pretty near me, and the master wanted him to copy a hymn for a specimen of his writing. The boy took out a piece of paper, and began and wrote the title of his hymn; but his pen was not good, and so he went and got his pen mended, and

put that piece of paper away and took another, and began again.

“He wrote the title and the first line, and then, instead of the second, he began to write the third, by mistake, and did not perceive it until he had got half through the wrong line. When he found it out he looked very much vexed; and pushed the paper away and took another, and began once more.

“This time he had not got more than half of the title written before he found the ink was out of his pen, and then he dipped it into his inkstand for some more. But he dipped it in too deep, and, just as he had got the pen over the paper, down fell a great drop of ink, just where he was going to write the rest of the title.

“The boy looked completely in despair at this, and declared, in a whisper, that he would not try again——But why don't you go on with your work, Rollo?” said Jonas, interrupting his story:

For Rollo had become so much interested in the story, that he had stopped before Jonas, with one end of a long vine in his hand, the other trailing along upon the ground, and there he stood.

"Can't you hear and work too?" said Jonas.

"Why, yes," said Rollo; and he dragged the vine along.

Then Jonas resumed his story.

"The boy waited some time, with his elbows on his desk, looking around the school-room, and at last seemed to get over his vexation a little, and determined to try once more. So he laid the blotted piece away, with the others which he had spoiled, and took out a fresh piece of paper, which was the last he had, and began once more. Just as he had written the first word, the master came to see how he got along.

"'What, only one word yet!' said the master. 'What have you been doing all this time?'

"'Oh, I began once or twice before, and spoiled them,' said the boy.

"'Let me see,' said the master.

"So he looked at the papers that had the mistakes and blots upon them.

"'This won't do,' said he. 'It's contrary to my rule. My rule is,

What's once begun
Must always be done.

"'You must take the first one and finish

that. You never ought to throw away your work and begin again.'

" 'Why, my pen was not good,' said the boy.

" 'No matter for that; you must not throw away work once begun. When you once begin anything, you must always go right through it; or else you will get in the habit of being discouraged and vexed at every little failure, and your whole life will be filled up with unfinished undertakings.'

" So he made him finish his first hymn that day; and he carried the others away, and made him finish one each day for his writing lesson, until they were all done."

Jonas paused when he had ended his story, and Rollo presently said that he had very often spoiled *his* writings and began over again.

" Well, I would not do so any more," said Jonas, "for I believe it is a bad plan. I have tried the plan of finishing things when I once begin them, and I believe my old master was right."

The boys were then still a few minutes. Rollo was thinking of the story; and presently he asked Jonas for another rule. " You said he had six of them."

"Yes," said Jonas; "three for study and three for play."

"Tell me one of his rules for play next," said Rollo.

"Well," said Jonas. "One was this:

'When you've done your play,
Put your things away.'

Rollo laughed at hearing this rule, and asked Jonas if all his old master's rules were in poetry.

"You will hear by and by, as I tell them to you," said Jonas.

"I think that is an excellent rule," said Rollo; "for boys very often lose their playthings by leaving them about, when they have done playing."

"Yes," said Jonas; "so our master said. He had places for all our playthings, out in the entry, and always made us put them there. He told us a story, one day, of a boy that used to make a great deal of trouble at home, by leaving his playthings all about the house and yard. One afternoon he began to cut paper in the parlor, and he had just got the floor covered with images, and little boats, and paper cuttings, when he heard the voice of another boy out in the yard, who had come to play with him. So he threw down

the scissors and ran off, leaving the parlor in complete confusion.

"Then he and the other boy sat down upon the front steps, and took out their knives and began to make whistles out of some willow shoots which the boy had brought. Thus they covered the steps with litter, and then they laid down their knives and began walking about the yard, whistling. Thus they strayed away and left their knives, and all their sticks and cuttings, upon the steps, and then concluded to go out into a field close by and build a fire of shavings. They carried out the shavings in a small wheelbarrow, and one boy went in and got a lantern, while the other got a watering-pot to use for a fire engine; for they were going to play that the fire was a house on fire, and they were going to put it out with the fire engine. They played at this a little while, and, at length, when they got tired, they went away, leaving the lantern, the wheelbarrow and the watering-pot around there on the grass."

"Oh, what boys," said Rollo. "I never leave my playthings about so."

"Not generally," said Jonas; "but you leave them sometimes."

"No I don't," said Rollo, "ever."

"Why, there is your jack-o'-lantern," said Jonas; "have you carried that in?"

"No," said Rollo; "but that is not finished yet."

"Then you have broken both of my old master's rules. You have abandoned your work unfinished, and have left your play-things out instead of bringing them in."

"Oh, but he did not mean," said Rollo, "that we must finish our work the very time we begin it; we can't always do that."

"No," said Jonas; "but he *did* mean that you must not leave it just because you are tired of it, when you have got it almost done, and go away to play something else."

"Well," said Rollo, "I will go pretty soon and finish digging out my jack-o'-lantern."

"You had better go now," said Jonas.

"No," said Rollo. "I want to get in these vines first."

"Very well," said Jonas; "just as you please. But my wheelbarrow is full now; I am going along with it to the barn, and I will be back in a few minutes."

"Mine is almost full too," said Rollo, "and I believe I will go along with you."

So saying, he wheeled his barrow along, following Jonas, who went up the alley till

he came to the garden gate. They passed through the gate to the garden yard, and thence out into the large yard, where Jonas had been sawing the wood.

"Rollo!—Rollo!—see there!" exclaimed Jonas, as soon as they came in sight of the place.

Rollo looked up and saw a great red cow, that had strayed in from the street, eating up his jack-o'-lantern. He dropped his wheelbarrow, seized a stick, and ran after her, shouting out, "Whew there!—whew! Hurrup! Whew there! Whew!" as loud and fiercely as he could.

The cow seized another large mouthful, and, vexed at being interrupted at so pleasant an employment, ran off, shaking her horns and brandishing her tail. Rollo pursued her with all his speed; but she escaped out at the great gate, and at length stopped across the road, and finished eating her mouthful, with an attitude and look of the utmost tranquillity.

"The ugly old cow," said Rollo, taking up the remains of his jack-o'-lantern. "Now my jack-o'-lantern is all spoilt. I'll get some stones and stone her;" and he began to look about eagerly for stones.

"Stone who?" said Jonas, coolly;—"the cow?"

"Yes," said Rollo; "that ugly old cow."

"Why, what is she to blame for?" said Jonas.

"To blame!" said Rollo. "Why, she has been eating up my jack-o'-lantern."

"Yes; but do you suppose she knew it was your jack-o'-lantern?"

"I don't know," said Rollo.

"I don't think she knew she was doing any harm," said Jonas. "Look at her and see how innocent she looks."

Rollo turned towards the cow. She stood across the road, quiet and still, chewing her cud and looking into vacancy. She did look very innocent indeed.

"I don't think the *cow* is to blame," said Jonas; "but I can tell you who was."

"Who?" said Rollo.

"Somebody that let her get at your jack-o'-lantern. If you stone anybody, you had better stone him, if you can catch him."

"Who was it?" said Rollo.

"The boy that left the jack-o'-lantern on the log."

Jonas had kept very sober thus far, but now he burst into a laugh; and Rollo, per-

ceiving that he was laughing at him, turned away in great trouble.

Jonas, however, did not wish to tease him; and so he told him not to mind the loss of his jack-o'-lantern, for he would make him a better one that evening. He said, also, that as he had done the poor innocent cow some injustice by his harsh accusations, perhaps he had better go and let her finish the jack-o'-lantern now she had begun it.

"And, Rollo," said he, "I think, if my old master had known of this case, he would have made a good story out of it, to illustrate his rule about putting playthings away."

Rollo stood still a moment, thinking, and then he went out to the road to carry the remains of his jack-o'-lantern to the cow. He stood at the gate and tossed it out to her. She came half across the road to eat it, with a countenance expressive of great unconcern. In fact, she received his favors as coolly as she had borne his reproofs.

JULIUS AGAIN.

A SHORT time after this, Jonas told Rollo that it was time for him to go after the cows, and he might do just as he pleased about going with him. Rollo said he should like to go, and Jonas recommended that he should first go and ask his mother if she was willing.

They walked along together through the green lane which has often been mentioned in these stories, Rollo flourishing the whip, which he had got from its nail just before Jonas set out.

From the end of the green lane the boys entered the woods by a sort of cow path, which they followed along, until they came to the great brook where Rollo used to sail on his raft in old times. This brook was much larger than the one behind the house where Henry lived. It was pretty deep too, especially in some places; and Rollo's parents were unwilling to have him come to it alone.

"Jonas," said Rollo, as soon as they came pretty near to the brook, "wasn't it somewhere here that I built my wigwam?"

"Yes," said Jonas; "it was over there by that oak tree."

"Did you ever see an Indian, Jonas—a real Indian?"

"Yes," said Jonas; "I saw one once."

"Where was he?" said Rollo.

"Oh, he was walking along in the streets of the town I lived in."

"What did he come there for?"

"He wanted to sell his baskets."

There was a log bridge across the brook, and Rollo and Jonas walked over.

"Jonas," said Rollo, "don't you wish you were an Indian?"

"No," said Jonas, very quietly.

"I wish I was an Indian," said Rollo.

Jonas asked him why.

"Oh, I should live in a wigwam, and play in the woods all the time."

"You would have to give up all your story-books."

"Why?" said Rollo. "Don't Indians have story-books?"

"No," replied Jonas, "they can't make them; and if they should make them, they could not read them."

"Can't Indians read?" said Rollo.

"No."

"Why not?"

"They have no schools and nobody to teach them. If you lived in a wigwam and played in the woods all day, how could you expect to learn?"

"Besides," continued Jonas, "Indians are poor, ignorant creatures, and have no time to read."

"But they have as much time," said Rollo, "as other people."

"No," said Jonas; "they have to work hard all day, making baskets and moccasins, to get enough to eat."

"Do they have to work longer than other people?"

"Yes, because they are so ignorant. The more ignorant people are, the harder they have to work for a living."

"Do they?" said Rollo.

"Yes, to be sure," said Jonas. "A wood-cutter, who only knows how to cut wood, has to work harder than a carpenter, who knows how to build houses."

"Why, when the carpenter works at our house, he works all day."

"Then he gets better pay, and that comes to the same thing."

The boys then walked along silently a few

minutes, Rollo snapping off the tops of the bushes with his whip.

"I don't think doctors have to work very hard," said Rollo. "I should like to be a doctor, and get all my money just for riding about."

"That's because they know so much," said Jonas. "They know all about sickness and medicines, and when anybody is sick they know what will cure them; and it all shows what I said, that the more a man knows, the easier he gets his living. And so I mean to learn all I can."

"Is that the reason why my father makes me learn?" said Rollo.

"I think it probable," said Jonas.

"I mean to ask him," said Rollo.

The boys now drew near to the pasture, or rather to the open grass ground, beyond the woods, where the cows were usually found. There were two of them, and one had a bell fastened to her neck by a leather strap.

Jonas listened, trying to hear the bell.

"Hark! Rollo," said he.

But no bell was to be heard.

"There she is, Jonas," said Rollo, pointing down into a valley, to a little clump of bushes.

Jonas looked and saw that the bushes were in motion, as if a cow or something else was behind them. The boys ran down the hill, and, just before they reached the spot, a boy, considerably larger than Rollo, but smaller than Jonas, made his appearance. Jonas and Rollo stopped.

In a minute or two another and much smaller boy appeared from among the bushes. He had a handkerchief tied round his head, his cap being crowded down over it.

At first Rollo did not know him, but in a moment he saw that it was Julius.

"Why, Julius," said Rollo, "is that you? What is the matter with your head?"

Julius turned away, looking rather ashamed, but did not answer.

"He got a black eye training day," said the other boy, laughing.

Rollo pitied Julius, and began to ask him about it; but he seemed very little inclined to say anything about his misfortunes. He had, in fact, brought them upon himself, and consequently felt guilty and ashamed.

"Do you think you shall be well enough to come to school when the vacation is over?" said Rollo, in a sympathizing tone.

"I hope not," said Julius. "I hate school."

"Why, if you don't go to school," said Rollo, "you can't learn anything."

"I don't care," said Julius; "I don't want to learn."

"Then you'll have to do hard work all day for a living," said Rollo, "as long as you live."

Julius heard this speech with his usual sullen look; but the other boy burst into a loud fit of laughter, and, turning round, began to walk away. Rollo looked at him with surprise, wondering what he was laughing at, and said,

"You need not laugh, for he will, won't he, Jonas?"

Jonas did not answer, and Julius and his companion walked away.

The boys then went on after their cows, through grove and glen. At last Jonas heard a distant tinkling, and, following the sound, they at length came in sight of the cows, browsing just at the edge of a thin copse of trees.

They drove them along, Jonas and Rollo following. The cows knew the way home, and went on very regularly and quietly, the boys walking on behind, talking on various subjects. At length the cows went into the

barn-yard, and Jonas secured them there by putting up the bars. Rollo went in to his supper.

The table was set, but supper appeared to be not quite ready. Rollo saw that his father was sitting in an arm-chair in the front entry, looking out at the setting sun, which was then just going down behind the western hills. Rollo ran and got his little chair, and came and sat down by his side, looking up, at the same time, into his father's face with a smile.

"Well, Rollo," said his father, putting his hand upon his head, "you have been very still this last hour."

"Oh, father," said Rollo, "I have been away with Jonas, after the cows."

"Ah, have you?" said his father. "Well, did you have a good walk?"

"Yes, sir; and, father, Jonas says that the more anybody knows, the more money he can earn. Is that true?"

"Why, yes," said his father, "in the general."

"What do you mean by '*in the general*'?"

"Why, that it is very often so, but not always. For example, suppose there was a tract of land to be surveyed, or a new road to

be laid out; we should have to hire several men; for instance, a surveyor, a chain-man, and a laborer. The surveyor must have a good deal of knowledge. He must have studied mathematics, so as to know how to calculate, and he must be acquainted with books of surveying, and with the compass and the theodolite."

"What is a theodolite?" said Rollo.

"Oh, it is a very curious instrument, made of bright brass; and it stands on three legs. The surveyor takes it out into a field, and measures by it."

"But I don't see why he need have any theodolite," said Rollo. "Why can't he measure right along on the ground, with a pole, as you do in the garden?"

"Why, suppose there was a high mountain, all covered with rocks and precipices; do you think he could find out how high it is by measuring along with a pole?"

"Why, no," said Rollo. "Could he do it with a theodolite?"

"Yes," said his father, "with a theodolite and some calculation afterwards."

"But, then, there might not be any mountain in the way of the road," said Rollo.

"No; but then there is some measuring to

be done like that, though not always for mountains; and a surveyor, if he did not have a theodolite, must at least have some similar instruments. So that you see the surveyor must know a great deal more than it is necessary for the chain-man to know."

"What does the chain-man do?"

"Why, when they measure along the side of a field, they have a chain to measure with, and one man takes hold of one end, and another man takes hold of the other end. Now it requires some care and skill to measure correctly with a chain, for a long distance, on smooth ground and rough, up hill and down. So the chain-man, who has the forward end of the chain, must be an intelligent, careful, and active-minded man. It is not necessary for him to know as much as the surveyor does, but he must know more than the laborer."

"Why, what does the laborer do?" said Rollo.

"Why, he comes along with the end of the chain, and puts it exactly where the chain-man has made the mark. Then he makes the stakes, and drives them down; and he cuts down bushes, and carries the instruments, and does all such things. In fact, he

has harder work than either of the others; but he does not have nearly as much pay."

"How much pay does he have?"

"Oh, about a dollar a day."

"And how much does the chain-man have?"

"About two dollars."

"And the surveyor?"

"A good surveyor has five dollars."

"Then I should rather be the surveyor," said Rollo.

"Yes," said his father; "his place is most desirable on several accounts."

"What accounts?" said Rollo.

"Why, first," replied his father, "his work is not so hard. He only has to adjust the instrument and make the observations, and put down his notes and memoranda, and make his calculations. All that is a great deal easier, if a man really understands it, than making and driving stakes, and cutting down bushes, and carrying the chain over rough ground, and up and down steep hills, and across bogs and morasses."

"But, father," said Rollo, "I think it is easy to drive stakes."

"Yes, such little stakes as you drive, and only for a few minutes; but to follow such

work all day long, steadily, and for many days in succession, is hard. And then the surveyor's employment is better on another account; his work is more pleasant in itself than a laborer's."

"Why?" said Rollo.

"Oh, there is a kind of interest and satisfaction in knowledge, and in doing things that require knowledge and skill. When a surveyor gets a new and more accurate instrument, he is very much interested in looking at it, and in understanding the principles on which it is made, and in trying it."

"So I should think the other man would," said Rollo, "when he gets a new axe."

"He does in a degree. But the more complicated and valuable the instrument, and the higher the knowledge and skill required for the use of it, the greater is the pleasure it affords. Then, besides all this, he has better pay; and so he can live in a more comfortable house, and educate his children better, and have more books to read, and travel more. And just so it is in all branches of business. Those who have the most extensive knowledge, have, generally, the lightest work, and yet the best pay."

"Then, father," said Rollo, "I should think that everybody would want to learn."

"Almost all people do wish they knew more, when they have grown up. But then it is too late to learn; they have not time nor opportunities."

"But they might learn when they were children."

"Why, some children are too poor. Their parents cannot send them to school. Or if they do send them, when they are very young, to schools where they learn just to read and write and cypher, they cannot afford afterwards to send them to higher seminaries, where they would study higher branches of knowledge. As soon as they get big enough, they want them to work. Then there are a great many other boys that don't like to study, and their fathers have not decision and energy enough to make them. They let them have their own way, and so they grow up idle and ignorant, and finally sink to low places and employments in future life."

At this time, it happened that a man came walking along the street, dressed in poor clothes, and looking very anxious and cross. As Rollo sat near the door he saw him coming along towards the house. Rollo asked

his father if he knew who it was; but before he could receive any answer, the man came up to the gate, before the door, and said,

"How do you do, sir? I came to see if my Julius had been here this afternoon."

"Julius? I don't know," replied Rollo's father; and then, turning to Rollo, he said, "Have you seen anything of him, Rollo?"

"Yes, sir," said Rollo. "I saw him up in the pasture."

"When?" asked the man, angrily.

"Oh, a little while ago, when I went up with Jonas after the cows. He and another boy were there together."

"What boy was it?" said the man, in the same sharp and angry tone.

"I don't know who it was," said Rollo.

The man paused, turned round, took off his hat and rubbed his forehead, which was wrinkled with care. In a moment he turned suddenly round to Rollo, saying,

"And what was he doing up there, I should like to know?"

"I don't know," said Rollo.

"Robbing birds' nests, I'll warrant," said the man; who, as Rollo by this time supposed, was Julius's father. "I set him at work, and he ran off and has been gone all

the afternoon. When I catch him, I'll whip him as long as he can stand."

So saying, the man shook his head in a threatening manner, and walked away.

"What a boy," thought Rollo, after he had gone.

"What a man," thought Rollo's father.

In the mean time, Julius had gone slowly down from the pasture into the village, and, turning into a narrow street, came to a small house near a carpenter's shop, which was his home. When he went in, his mother told him how angry his father had been with him for going off and leaving his work, and that he had gone in pursuit of him. Julius did not answer, but sat down to eat his supper, which consisted of bread and milk. When he had got nearly to the bottom of his bowl, his mother observed that he suddenly started up and ran out at the back door. She knew at once that it was because he saw his father coming; and she looked out of the window, near which he had been sitting, and she saw that he was coming along the road. Julius did not come in again for some time; but at last, after it was dark, he crept slyly in and went to bed. He thought if he could escape

that night, he should not be punished the next morning; for his father was not faithful in fulfilling either his promises or his threatenings. And this was, in fact, one cause of Julius's bad character.

In the mean time, while Julius was lurking about the house, watching for an opportunity to steal into bed, Rollo sat down to a good supper with his father and mother.

"Well, Rollo," said his mother, "you have had another day of vacation."

"Yes, mother; and I have had a capital time. I have been at work with Jonas."

"What have you been doing?"

"Oh, I have been getting in the pumpkins and the pumpkin vines; and then I studied some time this forenoon. Just before tea, I went with Jonas up into the pasture."

"That is where you saw Julius," said his father. "What sort of a boy is he, Rollo?"

"Oh, I don't think he is a very good boy," said Rollo. "He troubles Miss Mary, and he does not learn much. I told him, up in the pasture, he would have to work very hard when he grew up, and he only laughed at me."

"Such boys do not look forward very much," said his father.

"There!" said Rollo, suddenly recollecting himself; "Jonas promised to make me a ship this evening. I must go and ask him."

"Did he," said Rollo's mother, "unconditionally?"

"What do you mean by *unconditionally*?"

"Why, did he promise positively? or was there some condition?"

"Oh, he said he would make me a ship if I did not have a good time."

"And haven't you had a good time?"

"Why—I don't know,—yes, I have had a pretty good time."

"You told me you had had a capital time," said his father. "Now you must be honest. Don't deny the truth for the sake of a ship."

Rollo looked as if he was very sorry that he had had a good time. However, he concluded to go out and see Jonas. He found him just shutting up the barn.

"Jonas," said Rollo, "now can you make my ship?"

"Why, did I promise you a ship?"

"Yes; didn't you?"

"Was not there some condition about it?"

"Yes," said Rollo, rather reluctantly.

"You said you would make me one if I did not have a good time."

"And haven't you had a good time?"

"Why, yes," said Rollo; "but then I want you to make me a ship very much."

"Ah ha!" said Jonas, laughing; "I thought that would be the way. Well, I think I will make you a ship."

As he said this, he was just fastening up the great barn door; but he opened it again and went in, and began to look around among some blocks of wood, of various sizes, under the workbench, for suitable ship-timber. At length he found a piece, about six inches long, and two in breadth and thickness. It was almost dark, but still he put it upon the bench and planed it smooth. He then took down a chisel and two gouges of different sizes, and then he and Rollo went in. He told Rollo that he had not had his supper yet, but that if Rollo would come out after his supper, he would begin his ship that evening.

SHIP-BUILDING.

JONAS had a little bench at which he used to work, at the kitchen fire, in the long winter evenings. He took the idea of its construction from the form of a shoemaker's bench, which has, as I suppose all children know, a seat at one end and a place for tools at the other. Jonas called it his "*gunz-low*," for what reason it would be difficult to say.

It was, however, a very convenient thing, though it had rather a barbarous name. As he sat upon the seat, all the little tools which he wanted to use for such evening work were at his side. There were files, and a little saw, and compasses, and sand-paper, and a little glue-pot, and nails and brads, and a small hammer. Then underneath were one or two drawers, in which Jonas could put away his tools when he had done his work. The whole establishment was not very heavy. He could take it up easily when he had done, and carry it out into the back room, to a corner, where it stood safe and out of the way when it was not in use.

It was dark enough to light candles about seven o'clock that evening; and at that time Rollo and Jonas came in from the back room, Rollo having hold of one end and Jonas the other of the "*gundalow*." They placed it by the chimney corner, and Jonas took his place at the seat, while Rollo went and brought his cricket, and sat down by his side.

"Now," said Jonas, as he took out his tools and the block of wood, "I ought to have a vice."

"A vice?" said Rollo. "What is that?"

"Oh, it is a kind of thing to gripe a piece of wood or iron, and hold it fast, while you work upon it."

"Oh, I can hold the ship for you," said Rollo.

"You can't hold it strong enough. I want to hollow it out by driving a chisel into it."

"Would a vice hold it tight enough?"

"Yes; it screws up perfectly tight, and would hold it firm and solid. But my anvil will do."

So Jonas went out into the back room again, and brought in what he called his *anvil*. It was a pretty heavy block of wood, solid and square, which he had to pound

upon. He had several ways of using it. One was to place it across his knees, as he sat upon his seat. Another was to rest one end upon the hearth before him, the other coming up between his knees, and he could pound upon that. Then, again, he used sometimes to put it at his side, upon a part of the bench where he had reserved just room for it. In either of these cases it answered a fine purpose whenever he had any hammering to do, such as nailing together small work, chiselling holes in wood, or cracking nuts.

"What do you have such a great, heavy anvil for?" said Rollo, as Jonas came in, bringing his block.

"Oh, it must be solid and heavy," said Jonas, "or else I could not hammer upon it well. It would shake and spring."

Jonas then fixed his anvil before him upon the hearth, with the end up, and he placed the little block of ship-timber upon it. Rollo then held the little block steady by taking hold of the two ends, and then Jonas began hollowing out the ship by his chisel, driving it in with a small mallet, which he took out from one of the drawers of the "gundalow."

He began at one end and proceeded regu-

larly to the other, taking care not to go very near a mark which he had made first, all around the upper side of the block, in the shape of the cavity which he was going to make. The bows of the ship were, of course, to be rounded both inside and out; and this he did in the inside by the gouges, when he had chiselled it out nearly to the proper shape.

"Why do you dig out the inside before you shape the outside, Jonas?" asked Rollo, after the process had gone on for some time.

"Oh, because if I should shape the outside first it would not stand steady while I chisel it out."

"Do men do so with great ships?"

"Oh no," said Jonas; "they do not hollow out great ships at all; they make them of timbers and planks."

"How can they make them so?" said Rollo.

"Why, first they lay down a long timber for a keel, and then they frame upright pieces, swelling out each side like ribs; and then they put on the planks."

"But, Jonas, how do they keep the water out while they are building it?"

Perhaps some children, who live in sea-

ports, may wonder at Rollo's ignorance of ship-building, as shown by this question. But he was a little boy still; and then, though he lived not very far from a sea-port, he had very seldom seen any ships, and had never seen one built or launched.

Jonas smiled at this question, and said, in reply,

"Why, Rollo, they don't build them in the water."

"How do they build them then?"

"On the shore, close to the water; and then, when they are all finished, they *launch* them."

"How do they launch them?" said Rollo.

"They have a frame of timbers, slanting down from the ship into the water, and then, when they are all ready, they knock away the after-block and let her slide off into the water."

Jonas gave Rollo some farther information about ships, which interested him very much. While they were talking in this way, it suddenly occurred to Rollo that it would be a good plan to go and get some apples to roast, while Jonas was working upon the ship.

He accordingly, after obtaining leave from his mother, got the girl, who was then just

finishing the putting away of the supper things, to give him a light and a plate, and he went down cellar to find some apples. There was a closet in the cellar with large shelves in it, each of which had an upright board at the edge, which, with the shelf, formed a sort of bin. These were filled with apples of various sizes and colors; and Rollo selected from them a platefull of such as he supposed would be best to roast. These he brought up stairs, and placed them in a semi-circle, between the andirons, before the fire.

The name of the girl that lived at Rollo's father's at this time was Dorothy. She finished her work, set back her table, having brushed up the hearth before Rollo put his apples down, and then brought out her lightstand before the other corner of the fire, and sat down to her knitting. Rollo, who was always kind and attentive both to Jonas and Dorothy, asked her if she did not want a light.

"No," said Dorothy. "I am only knitting."

"What have you got the lightstand out for then?" said Rollo.

"Oh, this is my little work-table," said

she, "and I like to have it out. It is a kind of company for me."

There was no place for a light upon Jonas's bench, but he had no difficulty on this account. The lamp he used was put into an iron candlestick, which had a sort of hook-like projection on one side, near the top, which answered to hang it up by, upon a nail in the chimney-piece, at his side. The fire also, though small, for it was not at a cold season of the year, blazed cheerfully, and diffused a very pleasant light over the white floor and throughout the room.

"Jonas," said Rollo, at length, after a pause, "could I have a launching for my ship?"

"Yes, I don't know but you can."

"How can I fix it?"

Jonas tried to think of some way, but at last he said he did not think that so small a ship could be launched very well. He thought that Rollo must be contented with sailing it.

Then there was another pause for a few minutes, during which Jonas finished scooping out the inside of the vessel and smoothing it completely. He took great pains to have

the opposite sides exactly alike, and to make the curve at the bows smooth and regular.

After having thus finished the inside, he put the anvil away, and, taking out a sharp knife from the drawer, began to fashion the outside. He marked out the keel, and then proceeded to cut away the wood carefully on each side of it, when Rollo suddenly said,

"Oh, Jonas, why can't you tell me now about the rest of your old master's rules?"

"Didn't I tell you all?" asked Jonas.

"No," replied Rollo. "You said there were six, and you did not tell me but two."

"I can't tell you the rest now very well," said Jonas.

As he said this, he held his ship out before him, looking at it attentively in different directions.

"Then tell me a story," said Rollo.

Jonas did not answer. He seemed to be planning something about the form of his ship.

"Jonas," repeated Rollo, "I wish you would tell me a story, while you are at work and our apples are roasting."

"Why no," said Jonas; "to tell the truth, I can't do two things at a time very well; that is, I can't tell stories while I am planning a ship."

"Do you have to plan much?" asked Rollo.

"Why no, not a great deal; but still, every minute or two I have something to do, enough to prevent my getting along very well with a story. But there's Dorothy; she will tell you a story, I dare say. She can tell beautiful stories."

"Well," said Rollo, looking round. "Will you, Dorothy?"

"Oh, I don't know any stories," said Dorothy.

"Oh yes, you can think of some," said Rollo, going towards her. "Come, do," he continued, leaning upon her lap and looking up into her face, "and then I will give you one of my apples when they are roasted."

"That is a fair offer," said Dorothy, "at any rate; but let me see, can't I make a better bargain?"

"I'll tell you what," she continued, "Jonas, how much longer are you going to work on the ship to-night?"

Jonas looked at it, thought a moment, and then said,

"Perhaps an hour."

"Well, then, Rollo, if you will go and get some interesting book and read to me half an

hour, then I will tell you a story for the other half."

"It is a bargain," said Rollo. "I'll do it. What book shall I take?"

Dorothy said she would leave it to him to choose the book.

"Well," said Rollo, "I will get my safety lamp."

Now Rollo's safety lamp was a small lamp, with a handle at the side, and a glass chimney to go over and around the flame. It was not like a chimney in form, but they called it a chimney, because the hot air and vapors from the flame passed up through it, like smoke from a fire up a common chimney. This glass fitted to a little brass circle about the wick of the lamp, and was fastened to its place by a little screw, called the tightening screw.

The reason why Rollo had such a lamp as this, was, that it was often convenient for his father and mother to send him up stairs, or about the house, in the evening, and it would not do for him to take a common lamp for fear of his setting something on fire. His father thought that if he had a lamp which would be safe for him to carry, he could go of errands quite often for them, and thus save

them trouble, enough to repay him for the cost of the lamp.

So he bought him this lamp, and when he brought it home Dorothy found him a place to keep it in, on a low shelf in a little closet, by the side of the kitchen fire, where he could reach it at any time.

He then made a number of long and very slender lamp-lighters to keep with it, so that he could have one always ready when he wanted to light his lamp. He made them of narrow strips of paper, folded up in a long and slender form. Jonas showed him how to make them.

So Rollo opened the cupboard door and took out his safety lamp, and a match or lamp-lighter. It was the only lamp-lighter there was left. Rollo brought both to Dorothy's lightstand, unscrewed the tightening screw, and then went and lighted his match at Jonas's lamp.

"I must make some more lamp-lighters," said Rollo.

"Yes, you can make them while I am telling you your story," said Dorothy.

"So I can," replied Rollo.

So saying, he took his lamp up by the han-

dle and went up the kitchen stairs, to get a book out of his little book-shelves.

His books were all well arranged and in good order, for his mother was very strict in requiring him always to put away his books carefully whenever he had done with them.

When Rollo opened his chamber door, he saw a bright light shining upon the floor. It was the moon shining in at the window. He looked out and saw the yard, and the garden and the trees of the wood beyond, all looking bright and distinct on all the sides that were turned towards the moon, and throwing broad black shadows along the ground upon the other side. Many of the trees in the woods beyond the garden had assumed their gay autumnal colors,—brown, orange, and red, intermingled with the dark green. Rollo thought they looked very beautiful. In the yard, too, just under the window, he saw the yellow cheeks of his pumpkins, looking almost as bright as they did by day. He saw nothing in motion except the cat; she was walking softly and slowly across an alley in the garden.

Rollo looked out the window some time, and then said to himself,

“The moon is ripening our pumpkins.”

Then, in a moment after,

"I wonder if the moonlight is pretty warm."

So saying, he set down his lamp upon a table, and kneeled down and spread out both his hands upon the bright image of the window which was projected upon the floor. The palms of his hands were down, and thus the moonlight shone directly upon the backs of them. He held them so for some seconds, and at length said,

"Why, the moonlight is not warm at all!"

He then happened to think that the experiment would be a fairer one if he should put one hand in the moonlight and the other by the side of it, upon a part of the floor where the moon did not shine.

He accordingly fixed his hands in this way, and then shut up his eyes, in order to *think* better which was the warmest.

In the mean time, while Rollo was thus employed, Dorothy began to wonder why he did not come back.

"What do you suppose has become of Rollo?" at length she said, to Jonas.

"I don't know," said Jonas. "He must come down pretty soon, or his apples will burn."

"What do you suppose makes him gone so long?" said Dorothy.

"Oh, I don't know," said Jonas. "He has got engaged in reading some book, I suppose; and there he'll sit and read half an hour, likely as not. That is the way with children when they get to looking over books."

"I mean to creep up stairs softly and see what he is doing," said Dorothy.

So Dorothy rose from her seat, and, carrying her knitting work in her hand, stole softly up stairs. When she came near the door of the room where Rollo was, which was partly open, she walked very softly indeed, and peeped in; and there, to her utter astonishment, she saw him fixed motionless on his hands and knees, with his eyes shut.

"Why, Rollo," said she, "what *are* you doing?"

Rollo started, opened his eyes, scrambled up, looking half inclined to laugh and half inclined to be ashamed, and said,

"Oh, I forgot my book."

And he took up his light and went to work immediately, looking over his library.

"But, Rollo," said Dorothy, "what could you be doing on the floor?"

"Oh," said he, "I was only seeing how warm the moon was."

Dorothy could not help laughing at this idea, but she went in, and helped Rollo choose a book. They then went together down to the kitchen again.

"Well, Jonas," said Rollo, "how do you get along?"

"Pretty well," said Jonas; "but you had better turn your apples."

Rollo looked at his apples, and found that they were done half through. The skin of some of them was scorched, and the pulp of others had protruded, and lay in rounded heaps, piled up against those sides of the apples which were towards the fire.

"Jonas," said Rollo, "what makes my apples run over so?"

"Run over? they don't run over," said Jonas; "they run out."

"Well, what makes them run out?"

"Why, when you put the apples down they get heated inside, and the juice boils and turns into steam, and then bursts a hole through the skin, like a steam boiler bursting."

"Is that the way a steam boiler bursts?" said Rollo.

"Yes; the steam gets pent up, and swells by the heat, and then by and by it breaks away, tearing everything to pieces."

Rollo stood looking at his apples. He recollected that he had often observed, when he had put apples down to the fire, that they swelled out a little on the side towards the fire, and looked smooth and glossy; and then soon *puff* went the skin, with a little explosion, and a jet of steam poured out towards the fire.

After standing in a thoughtful attitude a few minutes, Rollo said;

"But, Jonas, I don't see that that explains why the inside of the apple comes out too."

"Why, there is *more* juice away in the middle of the apple, and that gets turned into steam, and swells and crowds by the heat, and so crowds the soft apple out."

"Is that the way?" said Rollo.

"Yes," replied Jonas. "There," he continued, holding up his ship, "how will that do?"

Rollo looked, and found that Jonas had got it shaped, inside and out; and it was now of really a handsome form. Rollo was very much pleased with it, and asked Jonas what he was going to do next.

"Next I shall make the masts," said Jonas, "and then the deck."

In the mean time Rollo turned his apples, and then sat down and opened his book and prepared to read. Just before he began, however, he thought once more of Jonas's explanation of the apple roasting, and asked him if the bursting out of parched corn was from the same reason.

"I don't know," said Jonas, "about parched corn. I never thought of that."

"I should think it was the same reason," said Rollo.

"Why—not exactly," said Jonas. "That seems to be a different thing."

"No," said Rollo. "The corn, you see, turns inside out, just like my apples."

"Not exactly; because the apple comes out slowly, as it gets heated through by degrees, but the corn snaps out all at once. It is only one crack, and it is all inside out in an instant."

"Oh, that is only because it is so little. A kernel of corn is no bigger than the end of my finger," said Rollo; "nor so big either," he continued, looking at the end of his finger, and mentally comparing it with the size of a kernel of corn. "It is so little, you see,

Jonas, that it heats right through in an instant."

"No," said Jonas, "I don't think that explains it. Besides, the corn is dry inside, and hard, but the apple is juicy and soft."

"I mean to go and ask my father about it," said Rollo, jumping up and putting down his book upon the cricket.

And away he was going as fast as he could, but before he got to the door Dorothy called out to him,

"But here, Rollo," said she; "I thought you agreed to read to me."

"But I only just want to go and ask my father about parching corn."

"Yes; but you promised to read to me the first half hour, and I was to tell you a story the last half, and now the half hour for my reading is almost gone already."

"Why, Dorothy!" said Rollo, with surprise. He had no idea that the time had passed away so rapidly.

"It has," said Dorothy, "and of course, as you have not kept your part of the agreement, I am released from mine."

"And a'n't you going to tell me any story?" said Rollo.

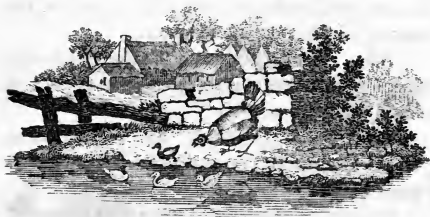
It was a great disappointment to Rollo to

lose his story, as he now thought he should, and he was just upon the point of bursting into tears, but Dorothy said,

"I did not say I should not tell you one, but only that I am not bound to do it by my promise."

"Well," said Rollo, "I will begin to read this moment;" and he sat down upon his cricket and opened his book in earnest. He read a short time, and then Dorothy said he need not read any more.

He accordingly put away his book, and then sat down upon his cricket before Dorothy, and she began as follows.



DOROTHY'S STORY.

"WELL, Rollo," said Dorothy, "shall I tell you a true story, or one that is not true?"

"Oh, true," said Rollo; "true, by all means."

"But true stories are not generally quite so interesting as those that are made up."

"Why not?" said Rollo.

"Oh, because, when people are making up a story, they can tell more wonderful things than those that happen in true stories."

Rollo paused a moment, and then said,

"I think, on the whole, Dorothy, I would rather have it true."

"Very well," said Dorothy. "Let me see—what shall I tell you?"

"While you are thinking," said Rollo, "I will go and get some paper and a pair of scissors, and then I can be making some lamp-lighters."

In a few minutes Rollo had found his scissors and paper, and had seated himself on his cricket, where he could conveniently look

either towards Dorothy while she was telling her story, or towards Jonas, to see how he went on with his ship; and Dorothy, who had in the mean time decided upon her subject, thus began:—

“When I was a little girl, about thirteen years old, I lived with my father and mother, and my little brother Oliver, in rather a lonely house in the woods. One day, in the winter, my father and mother went away in the morning to another town, where there was a store, and left me at home with little Oliver.”

“How big was he?” said Rollo.

“Not quite so big as you.”

“Well,” said Rollo, “go on.”

“Father and mother meant to have come back that night; but it was snowing a little before they went, and father said to me, just as he was getting into the sleigh,

“‘Dorothy,’ said he, ‘the wind is dead north-east—perhaps it is coming on to blow; and it may be all blocked up under the Black Ridge before night.’”

“What did he mean by *dead* north-east?” asked Rollo.

“Oh, right exactly north-east, where all the snow-storms come from.”

"What makes all the snow-storms come from there?" asked Rollo.

"Oh, I don't know," said Dorothy, "only they do; and then the north-east winds used to blow all the snow right into a long piece of road which ran along under the Black Ridge, and they filled it all up, sometimes, from fence to fence, level."

"Oh, what drifts!" said Rollo.

"‘So,’ said my father, ‘if anything should happen and we should not get home, don't be frightened about us; and take good care of yourselves.’"

"So Oliver and I stayed at home. I attended to my spinning, for I was learning to spin then, and he played horses. The snow fell thicker and thicker; and about noon it began to blow. About the middle of the afternoon I went out to get some water at the spring; and when I found how deep the snow was, and heard the wind roaring and whistling through the woods, I gave up, at once, all idea of seeing father and mother *that* night."

"And then did you have to stay all alone?" said Rollo.

"Yes—Oliver and I."

"I should not have dared to," said Rollo.

"But what would you do?"

"Oh, I would go to the next house."

"There was no house within a mile," said Dorothy; "and I could not have walked there in all the storm—much less could Oliver."

"No—we had to stay, and so I got supper. But I observed that Oliver did not eat much, and after supper, instead of playing about as usual, he got his rolling-chair up to the fire, and—"

"His rocking-chair you mean," said Rollo.

"No—his *rolling*-chair; he never had any rocking-chair."

"What was his rolling-chair?" said Rollo. I never heard of such a chair as that."

"Why, it was a block, which father chopped off from a very round, smooth log of wood. Father made the ends very smooth for him, somehow or other, and then it served Oliver for a seat. In fact, it made a very good little cricket for him."

"What did he call it his rolling-chair for?" said Rollo.

"Oh, because," said Dorothy, "it was too heavy to take up and carry about; and so, when he wanted to move it, he used to tip it over upon its side, and then he could roll it

about anywhere. It was very smooth and round."

"How did they make it so smooth?"

"Oh, it was the natural bark. It was a beech log, which has a smooth and even bark, and it would roll very easily. Well, as I was saying, Oliver rolled up this rolling-chair to the fire, and sat there with his elbows upon his knees, and his hands out to the fire, as if he was cold."

"Why did not you have more fire?" said Rollo.

"Oh, there was a great blazing fire in the fireplace," replied Dorothy, "and the room was very warm."

"Are you cold, Oliver?" said I.

"Yes, I am a little cold; but I can warm me very soon by this noble good fire."

"I went on clearing away the supper-table, and then sat down to my knitting; but Oliver still stayed by the fire. By and by I asked him if he was not warm yet."

"No, not quite," he said.

"I observed, too, that he spoke a little hoarse, and in an altered tone, and quicker than usual; and there was a little sort of a tremble in his voice, as if he was shivering a

little. I thought then that he was going to be sick."

"What did you think was the matter with him?" asked Rollo.

"I thought he was going to have a fever."

"What sort of a sickness is a fever?"

"I don't know exactly," said Dorothy; "only I know what some of the *signs* of it are."

"What are they?" said Rollo.

"Why, when persons have an attack of fever, they are first cold and *shivery*, even if the room is warm. Afterwards they grow hot, and their flesh is dry and parched. Then they are thirsty, and if you look at their tongue you find it is covered over with something white. And then their pulse beats quick, and perhaps their head aches; and when they go to bed they toss about restlessly."

"Was Oliver's tongue white?" said Rollo.

"Yes. I went to him and asked him to show me his tongue, and I found it was considerably coated; and then I felt of his pulse at his wrist, and it was quick. I felt of mine, and I found that his was a good deal quicker than mine."

"How did you know all about the signs of fever?" said Rollo.

"Oh, I had a fever myself once; and I remembered the signs, and I remembered what they did for me, and so I knew what to do for him.

" 'So,' said I, 'Oliver, you are sick, and I must take care of you. I will make you up a little bed down here by the fire.' "

"Where was the bed that he usually slept in?" asked Rollo.

"It was up over head, in a kind of a garret; for our house was only one story high, and it had only one room finished off down stairs, and that was the room where we were. My father and mother used to sleep in that, and Oliver and I up in the loft. We used to go up a ladder."

"Oh, I should not like to go up a ladder to go to bed," said Rollo.

"Why, it was a very good ladder. And then we had beautiful soft beds up there; his was in one corner and mine in another. At least *we* liked them. They were straw beds, but we had never slept on a feather bed.

"So I went up the ladder and got Oliver's bed, and tumbled it down the ladder, into the kitchen. Then I got his bolster and coverlid,

and fixed him up a beautiful little bed, one side of the fire. Then I helped him undress, and put a blanket over his shoulders, and let him sit upon his little rolling-chair, while I brought some warm water and bathed his feet. He liked that very much indeed."

"Did he?" said Rollo.

"Yes. I knew he would, though I did it principally to make him get well. It is very good for sickness.

"I wiped his feet dry and let him warm them by the fire, and then he got into bed and I covered him up warm. Then I went to the closet to get him some medicine."

"How did you know what kind of medicine to give him?" asked Rollo.

"Oh, we only had one kind of medicine, and that was good for almost any sickness. I put a little sweetened water in a cup, and then poured out some of the medicine upon the top of it, and carried it to him."

"Did he take it?" said Rollo.

"At first he did not want to; but pretty soon he opened his mouth and swallowed it down, though it tasted pretty bad."

"That's a good boy," said I; and then I gave him a drink of water and laid him down, and covered him up as warm as I could.

Then I felt of his pulse, and I found it was quicker than it was before, and his cheeks looked red, and felt hot and dry, and he breathed short and hard.

"Presently he said, 'Dorothy, how long will it be before this medicine will make me get well?'

" 'Oh, I hope it will make you feel better about the middle of the night,' I answered.

"Then I told him to try to go to sleep, and I would finish my work and then go to bed myself.

"He was still a few minutes; but by and by he said,

" 'Dorothy !'

" 'What?' said I; and I went to the side of his bed, so that he could speak to me easier.

" 'Don't you think father and mother will come home to-night?'

"I told him I would go to the window and look out. I went; and the snow was all up on the glass outside, and was beating against it more and more.

"I came back and told him I did not think they would come.

"He did not answer, but turned over and shut his eyes. I knew he wanted them to

come very much, but he was a good, patient little fellow, and would not complain.

“Presently he called again,

“ ‘Dorothy!’

“I went towards him, and found he was tossing his arms out; and he said he was too hot, and wanted me to take off some of the clothes.

“ ‘No, little Oliver,’ I said; ‘you must keep the clothes on, and put your arms down into bed, because you must get into perspiration, and then you will feel better.’ ”

“What is perspiration?” said Rollo.

“Why, having his skin moist, instead of dry and hot as it was.

“Oliver then put his arms down, and I covered them up again, and then I told him to shut up his eyes and go to sleep.

“So he shut up his eyes and I went away. I had to carry some things out in the back room, and was out there arranging them a minute or two, when I heard him calling me again, in a very mild, pleasant voice.

“ ‘Dorothy!’

“I ran back to his bedside and said,

“ ‘What, Oliver?’

“ ‘Will you give me some water to drink?’ ”

"Why, you did give him some," said Rollo.

"Yes; but when persons have a fever they are thirsty almost all the time. I brought him some water, but told him he must only taste of it, for it would hurt him to drink much. He took one or two mouthfuls, and then laid down again.

"After a little while I looked at him, and found he was asleep; but he did not seem to sleep sound and quietly. He breathed quick and hard, and his cheeks looked red, and he moved about and kept getting the clothes off, so that I had to put them on him again very often.

"But at last he became rather more quiet, and after I had got through all my work I put some large logs of wood,—as large as I could lift,—on the fire, and then undressed myself and went to bed in mother's bed. But I could not go to sleep very easily; for Oliver breathed so short and hard that it frightened me a little, and, besides, I felt rather lonely, for the storm roared very loud all around the house. Presently I heard Oliver moving. I looked up and found that he had got some of the clothes off. I got up and

fixed them on him, and then I went to bed again.

"Pretty soon I got almost to sleep; but Oliver suddenly stopped breathing. He had been breathing so loud and hard that his stopping waked me up, and I jumped out of bed and went to him. He was lying still, with his eyes half open, but they looked dull and heavy. I found he was breathing, and as short, though not so loud and heavily, as before. His lips were moving.

" 'Oliver!' said I, in a soothing voice; 'Oliver!'

"But he did not answer. His lips moved, and he was muttering something, but I could not understand what he was saying.

" 'Oliver,' said I, 'do you want anything?'

"He tossed his head about restlessly and said,

" 'Take it off, take it off,—I dor't want to go.'

"I knew by that that he was only dreaming, and so I moved him over upon his other side, and fixed his pillow and covered him up, and he shut his eyes and went to sleep again. I put my hand down into his bosom to see if his skin was beginning to be moist; but it felt as hot and dry as before. Then I

went back to bed again. He kept breathing short and hard, and the logs in the fire simmered and sung, and the storm beat against the windows; but at last I got asleep.

“Some time after this, I do not know how long, a loud blast of wind rattling against the windows woke me up. I started up and looked towards Oliver. The clothes were partly off of his shoulders. I went to him, and observed that he was breathing more easily. I put my hand into his bosom, and felt a little moisture upon his side, where his arm had been lying. He moved his head and opened his eyes, and said, faintly,

“ ‘Dorothy, will you give me a little water to drink?’

“ ‘Why, Oliver,’ I said, ‘I am rather afraid to give you any water now. You are getting into perspiration, and I am afraid cold water will hurt you.’

“He shut up his eyes, but he did not say a word.

“I pitied the poor little fellow, and, after looking at him a moment, I said,

“ ‘Are you very thirsty, Oliver?’

“ ‘Yes, I’m pretty thirsty.’

“ ‘Well, you lie still a little while and see if you can’t get to sleep. If you can, that

will be the best; if not, then I will come and give you a little water.'

"So I went and laid down again. I waited some time, and then I began to grow sleepy.—But, Rollo, I think your apples are done."

Rollo jumped up to look at his apples, and he found they were done. So he went and got a large plate, and a knife, and Dorothy took them up, one by one, carefully, and he carried them out into the back room to cool. Then he came back; but, before asking Dorothy to go on with her story, he went to see how Jonas was getting along. He found that he had put in the three masts and the bowsprit, and now he was just taking out some thread from one of his drawers to make the shrouds with. Rollo looked on a moment, and then he went back to his cricket and sat down, and said,

"Well, Dorothy, go on."

"Just as I was almost asleep," resumed Dorothy, "I heard Oliver's pleasant little voice again.

" 'Dorothy!'

" 'What?' said I.

" 'I can't get asleep unless you give me something to drink.'

“ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘I will come.’ ”

“I then happened to think that there was a bundle of herbs upon the shelf, which mother kept for sickness, and I thought that I had better make him some herb-tea, and let him drink that. So I told him that if he would lie still a few minutes I would make him some good warm tea, and that would not hurt him. Then I went and took down some of the herbs and put them in a mug, and poured some hot water upon them, out of a tea-kettle which stood by the side of the fire, and set it down to steep. He laid still, with his eyes shut, waiting for his tea as patient as a little lamb.”

“I wish I had a lamb,” said Rollo.

“After a few minutes,” continued Dorothy, “I poured it out into a bowl, and then put in some milk and sugar, and made it just warm enough, and carried it to him.

“ ‘Here, Oliver,’ said I, ‘here is your drink.’ ”

“But Oliver did not move or answer. His cheek was on his hand and his hand upon his pillow, and he was breathing very quietly.

“ ‘Poor little fellow! he has gone to sleep after all,’ said I. ‘And now had I better wake him up to give him some drink?’ ”

"At first I did not know what to do. What should you have done, Rollo?"

"Why,—I—don't know," said Rollo, hesitating.

"What should you have wished to have been done to you, in such a case?"

"Oh, I should have wanted to be waked up and have that good drink."

"Should you?" said Dorothy. "Well, now, I thought he would rather not be waked; for perhaps, you know, he would not be able to get to sleep again very easily. At any rate I did not wake him. I put the bowl down softly before the fire, and covered it over with a plate, and then crept along to bed.

"I watched him for some time, expecting that he would wake up and want his drink; but he did not, and at last I began to grow sleepy. He seemed to breathe easier and easier, and I thought he must be getting better. At any rate, I felt much less anxiety about him, and before a great while I fell asleep.

"I slept a long time; but at last I was awakened by hearing a noise at the fireplace. I started up, and saw Oliver out of bed, and

taking up a stick of wood from a little wood-pile which was at the side of the fire.

“ ‘Why, Oliver!’ said I. ‘What *are* you doing?’ ”

“ He turned round towards me and said,

“ ‘Oh, I was only going to put a little wood on the fire. It is almost burnt out.’ ”

“ I got up and went to him, and told him he must not get out of bed, for he would take cold; and I told him that *I* would build the fire. He then laid down again, and I covered him up and asked him how he felt.

“ ‘Oh,’ said he, ‘I am a *great deal* better.’ ”

“ I felt of his cheek, and it was not hot, and it did not look flushed as it did before.”

Just then the door which led from the parlor opened, and Rollo's mother came in and said,

“ Come, Rollo; isn't it about time for you to go to bed? ”

“ Oh, mother,” said Rollo, “ do let me sit up and hear the rest of this story.”

“ Oh, I have got about through,” said Dorothy. “ I found that Oliver was a great deal better. I made him some gruel for breakfast, and before the middle of the forenoon he was building houses of corn cobs, by the chimney corner.”

"Corn cobs?" said Rollo. "What are they?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow," said Jonas, rising from his bench, "if it is time for you to go to bed now."

"Oh, he may stay a minute or two longer if he wants to have you finish the story," said his mother; "and then you may come into the parlor."

Then his mother went away, and Rollo took the ship, which Jonas held out to him.

"Oh, what a beautiful ship!" said he. "Is it done, Jonas?"

"No; the sails are not on. I must put those on some other day."

Rollo stood looking at the masts and rigging, while Jonas took up his "gundalow" and carried it out to its place. Then he came in, bringing with him Rollo's plate of apples. Rollo gave Jonas one, and Dorothy one, and then he took the plate containing the rest in one hand, and his ship in the other, and then said,

"Now how shall I open the door?"

"I will open it for you," said Jonas, "in a moment."

Jonas was then sweeping the chips and shavings he had made into the fire, for he

always brushed up his own litter. Then he opened the door, and Rollo went into the parlor.

Rollo gave his father and mother each an apple, and showed them his ship. They liked the ship very much, and told Rollo that he might sit down with them and eat his apple. After that he went out to get his safety lamp, to go to bed.

"Dorothy," said he, when he got into the kitchen again, "you did not tell me when your father and mother got home."

"Oh, they did not get home until that night. They had a terrible time."

"Was the Black Ridge road blocked up?"

"Oh yes, all solid and full; so that they had to take down the fence and go out into the field. But Oliver was almost well when they got home."

"Well," said Rollo, "I think it is a very good story. I am much obliged to you for telling it to me. Jonas," he continued, "will you come up and get my light pretty soon?"

"Yes," said Jonas.

So Rollo took his safety lamp and went up to bed. In a short time Jonas came up, and sat talking with him a few minutes. Then he arose and took the lamp, saying,

"Well, Rollo, you must remember the lesson you learnt from Dorothy's story."

"What lesson?" said Rollo.

"Why, that you must follow little Oliver's example, in being gentle, patient and obedient, when you are sick."

"He *was* a good boy, wasn't he, Jonas?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas; "*I* think so. Good night."

THANNY.

ROLLO had one brother and one sister, although they have not lately been mentioned in these stories. They had been away from home for some time, on a long visit, in a town at some distance, and about this time they were expected home.

Rollo's sister's name was Mary, and she was about seventeen years of age. She was a bright, happy-looking girl, and Rollo loved her very much, for she was always very kind to him, and when she was at home she used to help him very much in all his pursuits and enjoyments. His little brother's name was Nathan; and he was now about two years and a half old, and was fast learning to talk.

They came home in Rollo's vacation, and he talked almost continually, the day before they came, of their expected arrival, and of the pleasure he expected to enjoy in playing with little Thanny; for while he was so very young they often changed his name from Nathan to little Thanny.

The next morning after Rollo's brother and sister came home, Nathan wanted Rollo

to be his horse. Mary said she would give them some reins; and so she went and got a pretty long piece of twine, and Rollo tied the two ends together and put them into his mouth, and gave the other part to Nathan. Then he gave him his whip, and said,

“There, Thanny; *now* I will be your horse.”

So Nathan said something which he meant for “get up,” and began to whip Rollo with his whip. Rollo started off upon the full run. Nathan tried to keep up, but he could not, and, after being pulled along violently a few steps, fell down and began to cry very loud.

Rollo had not the least intention to hurt Thanny, and he stood looking on, in mute astonishment, at such an unexpected catastrophe. Mary came and raised Thanny up, and soon succeeded in quieting him. Then she told Rollo that he must remember that Nathan was only a very little boy, and could not run as fast and play as hard as the boys at school, who were as big as Rollo. Rollo promised to be more careful. Nathan took the reins, and Rollo trotted along before him, with very short steps, so that he could easily keep up; and now Nathan seemed to enjoy the play very highly.

Presently Nathan drove him out into the garden yard, and Mary came and looked out of the window to see them play.

"Why don't you have Nathan for *your* horse?" said she, at length, to Rollo.

"Well," said Rollo, "I will. Here, Thanny; you may be my horse a little while."

So he put the bits into Thanny's mouth, and then he took the whip and reins himself, and drove him. Nathan seemed to understand his duties very well, and trotted about, looking quite pleased; only he now and then stopped to take the bits out of his mouth, as if he did not like to have them in.

"Can't you contrive any way to drive him without putting bits into his mouth?" said Mary.

"No," said Rollo; "horses always have bits."

"I know they do, generally; but I wonder if I could not contrive a kind of harness that would be better?"

"A harness?" said Rollo; "a real harness?"

"Perhaps I might contrive something which would be a little more like a real harness than your bits," said Mary. "If you will come in about twelve o'clock I will try."

Rollo thought he should like the plan very much, but Nathan did not understand what they had been saying. He did not know what harness meant.

Rollo drove him about the yard a short time, and then he opened the garden gate and drove him in there. After running about the walks a little while, he began to get tired of playing horses, and, seeing some poppy-heads that looked pretty ripe, he turned to Nathan and said,

"Oh, Nathan, see these poppy-heads! We will gather some, and we won't play horses any more now."

So he took the reins and put them in his pocket, and gave Nathan a poppy-head, and told him to hold it upright; and he showed him how he meant.

"Because," said he, "Thanny, if you tip it down, all the seeds will fall out,—so."

And, as he said this, he turned the poppy-head down, and let a few of the seeds drop out into Thanny's little hand, by way of showing him the reason why he must hold it upright.

But it very often happens that the very reason which ought to lead children not to do a thing, only excites in them a stronger desire

to do it. And it was certainly so now; for when Nathan saw the little round seeds drop out, it seemed so curious to him, that, instead of holding the poppy-head upright, he immediately began to tip it over, and to pour out more seeds into his little hand.

"No, no, Thanny," said Rollo, "you must not do so; you will lose all the seeds. You must carry it so;"—and here Rollo took hold of it, and showed him how to hold it upright. "Because," he continued, "we want to save the seeds. You must carry it upright till we get into the house, and then we will put them into a paper."

But the moment Rollo let go of Thanny's hand, over went the poppy-head, and his little hand was held out under it, to catch the seeds. Then Rollo tried to turn it up again; Nathan resisted. Rollo tried the harder; Nathan struggled against him and began to cry.

Rollo thought he had better not make him cry, and accordingly he desisted; and after standing a few minutes in a state of uncertainty, he concluded to go in and tell his mother that Nathan would not obey him.

He accordingly left Nathan in the garden and went in. As he was passing through the

yard, he met Jonas; and Jonas asked him what he had done with Nathan. This led Rollo to tell Jonas the story.

"Oh," said Jonas, "I would not go and trouble your mother about that."

"Why, Jonas," said he, "what shall I do? He is spilling all my seeds."

"Yes; but there are more poppy-heads than you will want to gather, so let him have two or three and spill them if he pleases. Let him manage with them just as he wants to. Can't you afford to lose two or three poppy-heads to please him?"

"But I wanted to save my seeds to give to my sister Mary. She is going to have a garden next year."

"Yes; but you have enough more. And, besides, you may as well use a part of the poppy-heads for *his* enjoyment as for hers."

So saying, Jonas walked on, leaving Rollo to think of what he had been saying.

Rollo stood a moment in thought, and then slowly turned round and walked back into the garden.

"Well, Thanny," said he, "you may have the poppy-head, and do whatever you have a mind to with it."

But Thanny, he found, had thrown the

poppy-head away, and was playing with the gravel-stones of the walk.

Then Rollo picked up his poppy-head and told him he might have it; but Nathan did not want it, and Rollo two or three times tried to make him take it. Presently, however, he thought he might as well let him be happy in his own way; and so he left him, and began to gather some sweet peas, which grew pretty near there, and seemed pretty ripe.

After getting one hand full of pea-pods, he gathered with the other several poppy-heads, as many, in fact, as he could take, and then, calling Nathan to come with him, he began to walk towards the house. But Nathan would not come. He seemed well contented to stay and play with his gravel-stones; and, in fact, I don't think he supposed that he was under any obligation to obey Rollo.

Rollo walked along slowly, looking back continually, and calling Nathan to follow him. But Nathan did not move.

"Oh dear me," said Rollo; "what shall I do?" Then, calling aloud, he said,

"Thanny, you must come along this moment; or else I shall go away and leave you all alone."

After a minute or two more, little Nathan

got up, and walked along slowly towards Rollo; and Rollo then went on to the piazza, where he sat down, and laid his poppy-heads and pea-pods down by his side.

"Now I must have something to put my seeds in," said Rollo; and he got up to go into the house to get a plate.

As soon as he went away, Nathan came up, and began to pull about his pea-pods.

"No—Thanny, Thanny," said he, "no,—you must not touch."

So he went back and led Thanny gently away. But he would come back as soon as Rollo began to go away again.

Rollo tried to keep him from touching his seeds in every way he could think of, but all seemed to be to no purpose; and at last his patience was pretty nearly exhausted. He had thought it would be a fine thing to have little Nathan at home; but now he began to wish him away again. "I can't do anything at all," said he to himself, "he troubles me so."

Just at this moment he heard his mother's step in her chamber, the window of which was nearly over where he stood; and so he called to her.

His mother came and looked out the window.

"Mother," said he, "will you speak to Thanny? he will pull my seeds about the moment I leave them. Or else, mother, if you would be so good as to bring me out a plate to put them in, while I stay here and keep him from touching them."

"I can't come down very well now," said his mother, in reply; "but I think you can manage it. Give him one of the pods, and show him how to get the peas out, and that will amuse him."

Rollo then wondered that he had not thought of some such plan as this before; and he immediately gave Nathan a pod, and opened it for him a little, at one end, so as to let him see the peas. Nathan took it, with his interest and curiosity much excited, and sat down at once, and went to work to pull out the little round peas. Rollo immediately went in after his plates. He borrowed two of Dorothy, and then came immediately back, and found Nathan still busily employed about his pod.

Rollo then began to shell his remaining pods into one of the plates, and after he had done that he shook out the poppy-seeds into

the other plate. This took him some time. At last, however, when he got it finished, he recollected that he had no bags made, as he intended, to put the seeds into; and he thought therefore that he would go into the house and get some papers, and do up his seeds in them.

By this time Nathan had done playing with his pea-pod, but he had got a little stick and was digging in the path. So Rollo left him and went in, in search for some pieces of paper. He found a piece of newspaper in a drawer, where waste newspapers were usually kept, and he tried to do his seeds up. But he could not succeed in doing it very neatly, and he began to wish he had some paper bags.

After sitting for some minutes, looking upon the awkward-shaped parcels he had made in his attempts to put up his seeds in papers, he concluded to go and get his little gum-bottle and make a bag.

This gum-bottle was one that Jonas had made him a day or two before. He had bought a little powdered gum-arabic, and Jonas had put it into a small phial and added a little water to it; and then he had fitted a small brush, made of the top of a quill, into the cork, in such a manner that the feather

end of the brush extended down into the dissolved gum-arabic. Thus by taking out the cork he always had a brush ready for use.

He brought down his gum-bottle and a pair of scissors, and, taking a piece of newspaper, he cut out his bag. The way he did it was to cut out two pieces of paper, about two inches wide and three inches long, making one of them however a little smaller than the other at the bottom and at the two sides. Then he laid the largest paper down upon the piazza floor, and put the other upon it, in such a manner as to bring the tops of the two exactly even. Then he pasted all the edges of the lower paper, where they extended beyond the upper one, and then carefully folded them over and pressed them down, and thus joined the two papers strongly together by all the edges except the upper one, where he was going to put the seeds in.

He looked at his bag when it was done, and liked it very well.

"Now," said he, "if it was only dry I could put my peas right in, and carry it and show it to mother." But it was not dry. He concluded to put it in the sun, and after letting it stay there a few minutes he thought it would do, and so he began to put the seeds in.

He filled it nearly full of seeds, and then he began to fold over the top, to keep them in, when suddenly he began to hear a rattling upon the floor of the platform, and looking down he found that the peas were streaming out, one by one, but rapidly, from a hole at the bottom. They had burst out because the gum had not had time to dry.

Nathan heard the rattling, and came running to see. Rollo began hastily to gather up his peas again, and tried to make Nathan go away; but Nathan would not. He got several peas into his hand, and would not give them up. Rollo tried to take them away; Nathan struggled. Rollo held on to his hand, and Nathan began to scream.

Their mother came to the door to see what was the matter. Rollo, still holding on to Nathan's hand, said,

"He has got my peas."

Nathan, still clasping his hand tight over the peas, said,

"I want some peas, I want some peas."

"Let go of his hand, Rollo," said their mother. Rollo obeyed.

"Give Rollo his peas, Nathan," she added, looking at Nathan. Nathan obeyed. He knew he must obey his mother, and he ac-

cordingly delivered up the peas to Rollo, though he did it slowly and reluctantly.

"You did wrong, Rollo," said she. "You must never use violence with him."

"Why, mother, he was getting all my peas."

"No matter for that," said she. "You must never use violence with him, unless it is some very extraordinary case of absolute and immediate necessity."

"What is that, mother?" said Rollo.

"Why, suppose he was eating something which you knew was poison, and you had not time to come and tell me, you might take it away, rather than let him poison himself; or if he was in the road, and a cart or a drove of cattle were coming along, and there was great danger of his getting run over. Such cases as those are cases of immediate and absolute necessity. It is immediate because you have not time to come and see me, and it is absolute because he is in the utmost danger. But in any common case, and especially if you are only going to lose a few peas, you never must resort to violence. You must come and tell me."

"Well, mother," said Rollo, "I wish you

would take him in now, for he troubles me very much."

She replied that she could not take him in then very well. In about an hour, she said, it would be time for him to go to sleep, but until then she must let him stay and play out in the yard; but she said she would tell him he must not touch his seeds.

So she charged Nathan not to touch Rollo's things, and then told Rollo that perhaps Nathan would like to wheel his wheelbarrow. Rollo accordingly went and brought it, and Nathan, as his mother had expected, was very much pleased with it, and began at once to try to wheel it about the yard, though it was so large that he could only get it along a few steps at a time.

Rollo then undertook to mend his bag, but he got the paper very wet, and it stuck to his fingers and got torn, until at length he began to be quite discouraged. In fact, he began to feel very much dispirited and worried. He said he would give up; and he threw away the seeds out of his plates and rose to carry the plates in.

"Well, Rollo," said his mother, as she saw him putting the plates into the closet, "and how do you get along?"

"Oh, I don't get along at all," said he. "My bag is burst, and my paste won't stick, and I have thrown all my seeds away."

There was something impatient and fretful in the tone in which Rollo said this to his mother.

"And have you cleared away the pods and stalks you scattered down about the piazza?"

"Why no," said Rollo,— "must I?"

"Certainly," said his mother. "You must never make any litter in such a place without afterwards clearing it up."

Rollo looked rather more discontented still at this, but he did not reply. He went to the corner of the kitchen, where there was a broom hanging, and began to take it down.

"You must not sweep them off upon the grass, or upon the walk, Rollo."

"Why, mother?" said he.

"Oh, because it will look very untidy. You must clear it all away. You can sweep it up into a little heap, and then take it up carefully and put it into your wheelbarrow, and wheel it away."

This was all very reasonable, and Rollo knew it; but he was getting out of humor, and he did not like this additional trouble. He ought to have had something there to put

his pods and stalks into, and then he could easily have carried them away; but he was so much interested in getting in his seeds that he did not think of that. But now, since he had neglected taking the proper measures, he ought not to have repined at being obliged to submit to the trouble and inconvenience which he had brought upon himself by his own neglect.

Though he felt wrong at heart, he did not say much against doing it. He took the broom and went out, intending with the broom to sweep up his litter into a little heap, and then to take it up. He did the work, however, very hastily and carelessly. Boys generally do their work so when they are discontented and out of humor. His mother expected it would be so, and accordingly, when he had been out about long enough to have finished his work, she came to the door, and looked to see how he had done it.

"Rollo," said she, "when in your plays you put any place out of order, don't you think you ought to put it in *as good* order again as it was before?"

"Why, yes," said Rollo.

"Very well; now look at the piazza, and

at the grass, and see if it is in as good order as it was when you began working here."

Rollo looked, and he saw that there were several stalks and pods and broken poppy-heads lying about in the grass, and some were upon the floor of the piazza. He saw how the case was, but he did not answer.

"You must take them all up clean," said his mother.

Rollo began to fret, and even to cry a little. He said he was very tired and very hungry, and, besides, he did not feel very well.

Rollo had a habit, which a good many boys have to a much greater degree than he, of saying, when things went wrong, and especially when he got tired of some unpleasant duty, that he did not feel very well. It is very true that Rollo did not feel very well just then, but it was not sickness. He had only got tired of play, and vexed and worried by the difficulties which he had got himself into.

Now there is only one proper course for us to take when we get ourselves into difficulties of any sort, and that is to go on, good-naturedly and perseveringly, until we get ourselves out. Rollo ought to have said to himself,

"Well, I'll do it thoroughly. Here, Than-

ny, come up here with your wheelbarrow and take in a load of rubbish."

Thus he might have turned it into an amusement, having the wheelbarrow for a cart and Nathan for a horse, and then in a short time the work would all have been very easily done.

Instead of that he worked away, slowly and discontentedly; and after he had finished it he went into the house, put his cap upon its nail, and walked with a very melancholy face into the parlor, where his sister Mary was sitting, and threw himself down upon the sofa.

Mary saw in a moment, by the expression of his countenance, that something had gone wrong, and that he was a little worried in mind. She looked at him pleasantly, saying,

"Well, Rollo, what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Rollo, mournfully. "I don't feel very well."

"Don't you?" said Mary, walking up to him, with a pleasant countenance. "What is the matter?"

"I don't know," said Rollo, turning over and hiding his face away from her.

"If you will tell me how you feel, perhaps

I can tell you what the matter is; for I know the symptoms of several kinds of sicknesses."

"What kinds?" said Rollo.

"Why, *fever* is one kind. Then people feel hot, and their pulse beats quick."

"It is not that," said Rollo, "for I am cold, —as cold as I can be."

"Then perhaps it is *pleurisy*," said Mary.

"What sort of a sickness is that?" said Rollo, forgetting his ill-humor for a moment, and turning round to look at Mary.

"Why, if you draw a long, full breath, then you feel a sharp pain all through your sides and back."

Rollo very gravely drew a long breath. His chest swelled out full, but he felt no pain.

"No," said he; "'tisin't that."

"Well, *consumption*, then?" said Mary. "People that have the consumption have a very hard cough. Do you think it is consumption?"

Mary had looked pretty grave and sober, but now Rollo thought he perceived a very slight tendency to a smile upon her countenance, and he began to think she might be secretly laughing at him a little.

"No," said he, "it is not consumption;"

and so saying, he jumped off of the sofa and ran to Mary, and began to pull her round and round by her hand. She thought she would not tease him any more, and she said,

"Oh, Rollo, did not I promise to make you a harness? If you will go and bring in Nathan I will try now."

Away Rollo ran after Nathan, and while he was gone Mary went up stairs to get some list, to answer instead of leather, to make the harness of.

In a short time they all three met in the parlor again, and Mary began to measure Rollo with the list for his harness. She first cut off two pieces long enough to go around his arms, near the shoulder, and sewed the ends together; then she sewed a piece across behind, extending from one of these shoulder-pieces to the other. That she said might be called the saddle, as it went across his back. Where this cross-piece was joined to the two shoulder-pieces, she sewed the ends of the reins. Then she sewed two short pieces to the middle of the shoulder-pieces in front, and these were intended to tie in front, across the breast, when the harness was on. This kept it all snug and firm in its place.

Rollo liked his harness very much, and

after it was finished Nathan drove him around the room with it several times, with great pleasure.

While Mary had been making the harness, she asked Rollo what he had been doing all the morning; and he told her he had been gathering seeds.

"How many have you gathered?" said Mary.

"Oh, I gathered a very few, and those I had to throw away, because I could not make my paper bag do."

He then gave Mary a full account of all his difficulties; and she said that he had not gone to work systematically enough.

"What is systematically?" said Rollo.

"Don't you know?" said she. "Let me see;—I'll tell you what. I can go out after dinner, and you and I will undertake to gather some seeds, and I will show you how to do it systematically."

"Well," said Rollo; "I should like that very much."

THE SEED-GATHERING.

"Now," said Mary to Rollo, after dinner, as they walked together out into the garden yard, "the first thing, if we are going to proceed systematically, is to go out into the garden and see how many kinds of flower-seeds we want to gather."

So they walked along and began to examine the various flowers, to ascertain which were ripe enough to be gathered. They found twelve kinds. Then Mary set out to go back towards the house.

"But a'n't you going to gather them?" said Rollo.

"Not yet," said Mary.

She went in and opened the same drawer where Rollo had been that morning, and took out three newspapers. She then went out into the piazza, and tore each paper into quarters.

"Three newspapers, all torn into four parts," said she. "Three times four are twelve. Now we have got papers enough to hold our seeds."

"But sha'n't we put them in bags?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Mary, "presently; but first we must gather them and spread them out in papers a little while, to get them thoroughly dry, while we make the bags."

"And now," continued Mary, "to go on systematically, we must consider where will be the best place to spread them out. It must be some place where they will be safe, and also where our stalks and chaff will not do any damage."

"Jonas's bench in the barn will do exactly," said Rollo.

"Let us go and see," said Mary.

So they went into the barn, and Mary said the bench would do very well. She and Rollo arranged the papers regularly upon it, and then, each one taking one of the papers, they went out into the garden.

"Now we must consider," said Mary, "what is the best way to gather the ripe seeds. If we try to break them off, we shall shake out a good many."

"I can cut the stems off with my knife," said Rollo.

"Scissors will be better," said Mary, "for they will not jar the flowers so much. Sup-

pose you go and get my large scissors out of my work-basket."

Rollo ran into the house and brought out the scissors.

"Now which shall we take first?" said Mary. "You may take the mignonette and I will take the balsams."

They accordingly cut off a plenty of stems, with the ripe seeds in their little husky coverings, and when they had got a sufficient quantity to fill their papers they carried them carefully along and laid them on the bench, beginning regularly at one corner. Then they returned with two other papers, which they filled in the same way; and in a short time the whole twelve were filled, each with the stalks and tops of one kind of flower, and these were arranged in regular order upon the bench, forming two rows, with six in each row.

Then they proceeded to separate the seeds from the husks in each parcel, which they did by rubbing the tops between their hands. The coarse chaff they gathered up with their fingers and threw into Rollo's wheelbarrow, which had been previously placed before the bench for that purpose. The fine chaff and dust Mary blew away from off the seeds; and

thus after a time they were all separated, and all the twelve kinds were spread out before them, nice and clean, and ready, after they should have been dried a little, to go into the paper bags.

"And now," said Mary, "for the bags."

"We get along finely this afternoon," said Rollo; "but it is because Nathan is not here."

"Not altogether that," said Mary. "It is because we go to work regularly and systematically."

"But if Nathan was out here it would spoil all."

"No, I hope not," said Mary, "for I should first stop and contrive some way to amuse him."

"How should you amuse him?" said Rollo.

"Oh, I don't know exactly," said Mary; "but I am going in to get some paper to make some bags, and I will bring him out and let you see how I should do it."

So saying, Rollo and Mary walked along together to the house, and Mary led the way to a large closet, where they kept paper and twine, and some old books and papers. Mary looked over several kinds of wrapping paper to find some that was suitable for the bags.

"There is some, Mary," said Rollo. "How will that do?"

"That is too heavy and stiff," said Mary feeling of it, "to make such little bags of."

"Well this?" said Rollo, putting his hand upon another quire.

"That would do, only it is rather coarse. There is some that is *beautiful*," continued Mary, pointing up to a higher shelf.

Rollo looked up and saw the edges of some nice straw-colored paper, projecting a little from the edge of the shelf. He went and got a chair, and Mary stepped up into it and took down a quire of the paper, and began to look at it, standing still as if she was thinking.

"Well, Mary, a'n't you going to take some?"

"Yes, but I must first calculate how much we shall want. Let me see;—we ought to have two or three dozen."

"Then you will want a great many sheets," said Rollo.

Mary did not answer, but stood musing in silence. - Presently she said,

"No; one sheet will make two dozen at least. I will take two sheets."

"Oh, I guess it will take more," said Rollo, "and I am pretty good at guessing."

"But I have *calculated*," said Mary, "and calculating is better than guessing."

They walked along, carrying the two sheets of paper, until they got to the back door, and then Mary asked Rollo to go back and get little Nathan and bring him out. Rollo did so. He found Nathan running about in the kitchen, and he led him along carefully out at the door, and through the yard, until he reached the barn. Here he found Mary spreading out the sheets of paper upon the bench.

Mary said she must first provide for Nathan's amusement. So she lifted him up upon the bench, and put him back in a corner, and gave him a pair of scissors and a piece of paper, and set him at work cutting. Then she and Rollo stood up at the side of the bench, between the part where Nathan was sitting and that where they had placed their twelve papers of seeds.

Mary then laid down one of her sheets of paper, folded once, as it was upon the shelf.

"There," said she, "that is folded once, and that is *folio*."

Then she took Nathan's scissors and cut the sheet in two where it was folded, and then put the two halves together. She adjusted

them carefully at the sides and corners, so as to make them even, and then she folded them over again.

"There," said she, "now it is folded into quarters, and that makes *quarto*."

"What do you mean by your *folios* and *quartos*?" said Rollo.

"Oh, that is the way they name books," said Mary; "father told me one day. They name them according to the number of times that they fold the paper in making them. If they fold it only once, like a newspaper, it is *folio*. If they fold it twice it is *quarto*; and that makes a book like our great Bible."

While Mary was saying this, she cut her papers in two again, where they were folded last, and then she folded them again. And so she went on, until at length the number of thicknesses became so great that she could not cut them very well, and then she took half at a time. Thus, in a short time, she had cut the whole sheet into small squares, about big enough for a bag, and these lay together in a pile before her.

Then she said, "Now I will do the other sheet."

But Rollo was desirous of seeing some of the bags pasted first, and he proposed that

Mary should paste what she had cut, before she cut any more.

"No," said Mary; "that would not be proceeding systematically."

"Why?" said Rollo.

"Because," said Mary, "we must finish one kind of work before we begin to do any of a different kind. You see now I have got the paper and the scissors all here, and I can finish cutting out the papers best now."

So Mary cut out the other sheet just as she did the first, and piled up the squares all before her upon the bench, and then gave the scissors back to Nathan.

These papers now were large enough to make a whole bag of. Rollo thought that she was going to paste two together to make one bag; but she showed him that one would be large enough folded over again. She accordingly took up a considerable number at a time, and folded them over, and cut them with her scissors, in such a manner that the edges of the under halves projected beyond the edges of the upper halves.

Then she showed Rollo how to paste them. She took some of Rollo's gum-arabic, made very thick and stiff, and with it pasted the

edges that projected, and then showed Rollo how to fold them over and press them down.

"Now," said she, "Rollo, you may take this bundle and go out to the other end of the bench, and paste them while I cut out the rest."

Rollo did so, talking all the time with Mary and Thanny, who sat still upon the corner of the bench, cutting. Rollo soon began to be surprised to see how fast he was making bags.

"I have made six already, Mary," said he.

"Yes," said Mary; "that is because we went to work systematically. We are making them all together, and so we work to advantage."

Presently Mary came, with the rest of her papers cut out, to the end of the bench where Rollo was working; and Nathan, when he saw them going away from where he was sitting, wanted to come and paste too.

"Oh no, Nathan," said Rollo; "you stay and cut paper."

But Nathan threw down his scissors, and began to get up to come to Mary and Rollo.

"Now what shall we do?" said Rollo, in a desponding tone. "He will come and spoil all our pasting."

"Oh no," said Mary. "We will manage it. We will let him paste too."

So Mary moved away some of the papers of seeds that were nearest to the place where she and Rollo were at work, and thus made a place for Nathan.

"Oh dear me," said Rollo. "He can't paste—he will only spoil the bags."

"No matter," said Mary. "We have got so many we can let him spoil one or two."

So Mary told Nathan she would show him how to paste; and while Rollo was folding down and pressing one which he had just pasted, Mary pasted hers, talking all the time to Nathan, telling him first he must do so, and then so, and then fold it down so.

Nathan looked on, very much interested; and after she had pasted one or two bags she let him have the brush. Rollo began to want it before Nathan was done, and he said he wished they had more brushes. But Mary said they could get along with it, without being detained much.

When Nathan had got his bag pasted, it took him some time to fold over the edges and press them down. While he was busy about this, Rollo and Mary got several more bags pasted; and then at length Rollo asked if it

would not be a good plan to spread them out in the sun to dry. Mary said it would be an excellent plan.

She looked round and saw that the sun was shining in at the great barn door, so as to cover a large square space upon the floor. Rollo got a broom and swept this clean, and then Mary said that Rollo might let Nathan help him put the bags down in the sun.

Nathan was much pleased with this plan, and Mary lifted him down from the bench. Rollo showed Nathan how to lay the bags down upon the floor, and then he and Mary stood at the bench making the bags; and as fast as they finished them Nathan would carry them and spread them in the sun.

They worked so for some time, and manufactured their bags quite rapidly. Presently they set Nathan at work to turn the bags over, so as to dry the other side. The bags, however, did not need much drying, for the gum they had used was very thick, and it did not wet the paper very much. Thus half an hour passed away, at the end of which time they had made all the bags.

"Now," said Mary, "we can begin to put the seeds into those that are the driest, but we must write the names upon the outside

of the bags as fast as we put them in ; and so I will go in and get a pen and ink, while you look over the bags and pick out those that are driest.

So Mary went in after the pen and ink, and Rollo looked over the bags ; and wherever he found one that was dry he gave it to Nathan, and he carried it to the bench.

When Mary came back, she and Rollo went to the bench, and Rollo began to fill the bags with seeds, and to fold over the top and paste it down. As fast as he did this he handed the bag to Mary, and she wrote the name of the seed upon the back of the bag. Where the seeds were large, they put in enough to fill the bag ; but where they were small they put in only a few, about as many as they would want to plant of one kind in one place.

Pretty soon Nathan became tired of having nothing to do, and he came up to the bench, and, putting his hands upon the edge, stood up upon tiptoe, trying to see. So Mary looked around to see if they had not got more than they should want of some kinds of seeds, so that she could give Nathan some to put into his bag.

As she looked over the papers, Rollo seemed

to think there were none that they could spare very well; but presently he thought of a plan.

"I will run out into the garden," said he, "and get him a great sunflower, and let him get out the seeds himself. They will be very good to fill up his bag."

Mary approved of this plan, and away Rollo went. Presently he returned with a large sunflower, the leaves and little flowerets dropping off, and the black seeds shining in patches all over its face. He broke this up and gave some pieces to Nathan, and showed him how he must rub out the seeds. Nathan was well satisfied with this arrangement, and sat down and amused himself a long time with his seeds and his bag.

At length, however, he got tired again, and, laying down his things, came back, and wanted to come to the bench again. He said he wanted to carry some more bags to dry. So Mary handed him the bags which were finished; and as the top of each had been pasted down over, she thought it would be well to have them lie in the sun again a few minutes. So Nathan found a very pleasant employment, for some time, in carrying the bags and putting them down upon the floor.

At last the work was done. The bags were all filled, and the seeds were all used, except a few of the most common kinds, and those they threw away. Mary then sent Rollo in for a small basket, and they put all the bags into it. They also gathered up all the loose papers, and laid them away together where they could get them again, if they should want to gather more seeds some other day.

The children then walked along together into the house, Nathan coming after them with the basket of seeds, which Mary had given him to carry. It was now nearly supper-time. As there was a prospect of a cool evening, Rollo and Mary made a little fire in the parlor; Nathan standing by and looking on with pleasure to see the curling smoke and blue flame bursting out from among the chips and shavings.

"What a beautiful boy Nathan has been this afternoon," said Rollo.

"What a *good* boy, you mean," said Mary.

"Yes," said Rollo; "he has not troubled us at all."

"And don't you know the reason?" said Mary.

"No," replied Rollo.

"Why, we have *anticipated* him."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, to anticipate is to do something beforehand. If now you should hear father coming, and should go and place a chair for him by the fire, you would anticipate his wishes. If you should wait till he comes in and tells you to get a chair for him, then you would not anticipate him. So if you should give Nathan a piece of bread as soon as he gets up in the morning, before he had asked for it, that would be anticipating his wishes for bread."

"Is that it?" said Rollo. "Well, I think it is an excellent way."

"Yes; it is. Now the way we have kept Nathan pleasant is, we have not waited till he got impatient and fretful because he had nothing to do. We have got him amusements beforehand."

Nathan stood by, listening very attentively to this discourse, with his hands behind him, and his eyes fixed, first on Rollo, then on Mary. He knew that they were talking about him, but he could not understand one word of what they were saying, from begin-

ning to end. So he turned away when they stopped talking and marched off singing.

"I'll go and get him some playthings now," said Rollo. "Here, Nathan, I will get you your blocks."

So saying, he opened a closet door, and from under a shelf there he pulled out a basket of blocks. They were Nathan's blocks.

Rollo had pasted some letters upon these blocks some days before. He had cut out the letters from a newspaper which his father had given him, and pasted them upon the blocks, one upon the middle of each side. He thought that this would help Nathan learn the letters, as he would always see them when he was playing with his blocks.

Nathan liked the blocks with the letters pasted upon them very much, but he seemed to like picking the letters off better than learning them; for the first day he had them he picked off four, before Rollo knew what he was doing.

His mother then told him that he must not pick off the letters, and Rollo got his gum-bottle and pasted them on as well as he could, though they were somewhat torn. Still they came off pretty easily, because Rollo only pasted the letters at the four corners, and

therefore the paper did not stick to the wood in the middle. Notwithstanding his mother's prohibition, however, he did pull off one or two more; and his mother punished him by making him sit down in a corner of the room alone for some time. After that he did not pull off any more.

When Rollo, therefore, gave Nathan his blocks at this time, he did not expect that he would pull off any of the letters; and he left him playing with them before the fire, while he and Mary began to set the table for supper. Rollo brought out the cups and plates and knives from the closet, and Mary arranged them properly upon the table. While they were doing this, Mary talked with Rollo about Nathan. She told him that he was old enough to take a good deal of care of his little brother.

"If you take pains to anticipate his wishes and wants," said she, "you can keep him pleasant a long time; and then, besides, Rollo, you can teach him a good many things."

"Can I?" said Rollo.

"Yes; you can explain things to him, and when he does anything wrong you can tell him why it is wrong. You see he is a little fellow yet, and does not know much."

It was not long before a case occurred by

which Mary showed Rollo how an older brother or sister could teach a younger one; for it happened that as Rollo was passing back and forth to the closet, he cast his eyes down to the basket, and saw a block with four little bits of paper pasted upon it near the middle. He took it up, and found that they were the four corners of one of his letters, the middle part having been torn out.

"There, now, Thanny has been tearing off another of my letters," said he, taking up the block.

"Did you, Thanny?" said Mary, coming up to the basket and taking the block from Rollo's hand.

"No," said Nathan.

"Did not you tear it off?" said Mary.

"No," said Nathan, positively. "I did not."

Mary looked at him, somewhat uncertain whether he was telling the truth or not.

"I know he did," said Rollo.

"Perhaps he did not," said Mary. "*It may* have been one which was torn off before."

Rollo was not convinced, but he went on with his work; and presently, when the table was set, Mary told Nathan to pick up his blocks and put them in the basket, so as to be

ready for supper. Rollo helped him do this, and after they had got the blocks all in Rollo looked upon the carpet, and there, behold, the very letter was lying which came off of the block.

Mary saw it too. She took it up, and then looked in the basket to find the block which it belonged to. The letter was a G, and the corners were off. They had been left sticking to the block. Mary applied the letter to the block, and found that the corners of it fitted exactly to the corners which had been left adhering to the block.

Mary then led little Thanny to a chair by the side of the fire, and showed him the block and the letter. He stood before her, looking at them as she held them in her lap, and with an expression of great seriousness in his countenance.

"You tore it off, Nathan, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Nathan.

"But," said Mary, "a little while ago I asked you if you tore it off, and you said no; but you *did* tear it off. That is naughty. It is naughty for you to tell me you did not tear it off when you did."

Nathan looked on with a countenance of considerable concern, but he did not speak.

"That is a *lie*," said Mary, slowly and seriously; "and a lie is very naughty and wicked. God heard you tell the lie."

Here Nathan looked up all around the room, and said,

"I guess not,—I don't see him anywhere."

"No, you can't see him, but he sees you, and he knows when you tell a lie. God does not love little boys that say they didn't when they did."

Nathan now began to look anxious and distressed. He took up a corner of his apron to wipe away a tear that started into his eye, and said, with a mournful voice,

"I am sorry I made a lie. I will not make a lie any more."

Mary then told him that God would forgive him if he was sorry, and took him up in her lap. Rollo came, and took the block and the letter and put them into the basket, and had just time to put the basket away, when his father and mother came in to supper.

CONCLUSION.

THE first week of Rollo's vacation passed away very rapidly, but by that time he began to get a little out of employment. About the beginning of the second week, his father said one evening that he was going to send Jonas into the city to get a box which came up the river in a packet. Rollo asked his father to let him go too, and after some hesitation he consented.

"Do you think you can get ready without making any trouble?" said his father.

"Yes, sir," said Rollo.

"One great objection to letting boys go anywhere," said his father, "is, that they make a great deal of trouble sometimes about being dressed. Now you must be careful and not give Mary any trouble. Mary, I should like to have you get him ready before breakfast to-morrow morning."

Accordingly the next morning, at breakfast-time, Rollo came into the room with bright looks, and neatly dressed, Mary following him.

"Mary," said he, "can't I do anything for you in the city?"

"Yes," said Mary; "I want a new drawing-pencil. Could you get me one?"

"Oh yes," said Rollo. "I can buy a pencil well enough, I know."

"Well, I will get you the money."

So Mary went to a table at the side of the room, where her workbox stood. She opened the box and took out a little purse, and from the purse took a quarter of a dollar, and handed it to Rollo. She gave him the directions, and had just finished telling him where to go, when his father and mother came in to breakfast.

After breakfast Rollo and his father went out to the yard, and there they found the horse already harnessed, and fastened to a post. Jonas was just opening the great gate. Rollo went to the wagon and began to climb in, but his father told him to stop a minute, for he wanted first to give them their directions.

So Jonas and Rollo came to him, where he stood, upon the piazza. He had a paper in his hand, on which was written his instructions to Jonas, and directions to the places where he wished him to go. The city was

not a very large city, and both Rollo and Jonas had often been there. He charged Jonas to be very careful of Rollo when they went down to the wharf, and also to be very careful of his driving when he should get into the streets of the city. Then, finally, when he had finished his directions, he took out a dollar and handed it to Jonas.

"The freight of the box," said he, "I suppose will be a quarter of a dollar, and the rest will pay for your dinner. You can stop at the Eagle tavern."

"I think, sir," said Jonas, "we can get along without spending anything for dinner."

"Oh, you must have something to eat."

"Yes, sir; and I have got Dorothy to put us up some bread and butter," said Jonas, pointing to a small parcel done up in brown paper, which was in a little basket in the front part of the wagon.

"Very well," said Rollo's father. "But then the horse?"

"I have got some oats for him," said Jonas, "under the seat."

Rollo looked back and forth, first at Jonas, then at his father, during this dialogue. The latter smiled as Jonas told him of his arrangements, and, after a moment's pause, said,

"Very well; if you get along without expense, you may have the three quarters of a dollar to spend for anything you want, half for you and half for Rollo. Now get into the wagon."

There was a good comfortable buffalo-skin upon the back seat, and another in the bottom of the wagon before. Rollo and Jonas both had their great coats on; for it was a cool, though pleasant morning. Rollo clambered up while Jonas unfastened the horse. Then he also took his seat, and the boys drew up the buffalo around them. Jonas drove the horse slowly out of the yard, and then, turning round into the road, set off upon the trot, Rollo bowing a good bye to his mother and sister, who stood smiling at the window.

They rode along pleasantly over a smooth and level road, with fields, and trees, and farm-houses on each side. Rollo asked Jonas how far it was to the city. He said it was about fifteen miles; but it was about twelve to the tavern where he was going to stop to dinner. Rollo asked what tavern it was. Jonas said it was called the *Roadside Hotel*.

"But I thought," said Rollo, "you was not going to stop at any tavern, and so save the money."

"But they don't make us pay anything at the tavern I am going to stop at."

"Not pay!" said Rollo. "Why not?"

"Oh, because. I have stopped there a good many times, and I never had to pay anything."

Rollo thought this was strange; but at length, when they had rode about twelve miles, Jonas said he had almost come to the hotel. So he turned off into a narrow road, that led through a little wood, into a valley. At the bottom of the valley was a brook; and when Jonas reached it, he turned off out of the road, upon a level piece of grass by the side of an old wall, with trees hanging over it. It was just large enough to hold the wagon.

"This is the Roadside Hotel," said he, laying down the reins and jumping out of the wagon.

They watered the horse at the brook, and then gave him his oats upon the grass, by the side of the wall. Jonas and Rollo then went under the bushes to the bank of the brook, where they sat down upon some flat stones and ate their bread and butter. Rollo liked the Roadside Hotel very much

They waited here some time, and then got into the wagon and rode into the city. Rollo had a fine time going down to the wharf, after the box, and Jonas told him a great deal about the sails and rigging of the vessel. They looked about afterwards some time to find something to buy with their money, but could not exactly suit themselves. At length, however, they went to the bookstore, to buy Mary's pencil; and then, after Rollo had bought the pencil, he was just going out of the store, when he saw a book, pretty long, and with thin covers, open at a very handsome picture.

"What is the price of this picture-book?" said Rollo.

"It is a drawing-book," said the man; "not a picture-book. There are four of them that go together, and the price is half a dollar."

"A drawing-book?" said Jonas, going up to look at it. "I should like to learn to draw."

"Well," said the man, "all you have got to do is to take these books, and begin at the beginning, and copy all these drawings carefully."

Jonas and Rollo looked at the drawing-books, and finally concluded to buy them. They also bought a pencil each for themselves, which just took all their money.

"I think that is a wise purchase," said Rollo, as they went out of the door.

"That depends upon how we use the books. If we copy the drawing lessons well, it will be worth more than anything else we could get for three quarters of a dollar."

"We will draw together, in the evenings," said Rollo. "But whose shall the books be when we have done?"

The boys talked of several plans for dividing the books. At last Jonas said,

"They are half mine and half yours, Rollo. Now you may pay me a quarter of a dollar for my half, and have them all yourself, or I will pay you in doing something for you, for your half. I have not got any money to give."

"What can you do for me?"

"Oh, I can tell you stories while we are drawing. I will tell you a story, as Dorothy did, every evening, while we are drawing the lessons, if you will give me your half; or you may give me a quarter of a dollar and have mine."

Rollo preferred the stories, and that agreement was made. Perhaps the next book about Rollo, which will be printed after this, will be JONAS'S STORIES.







